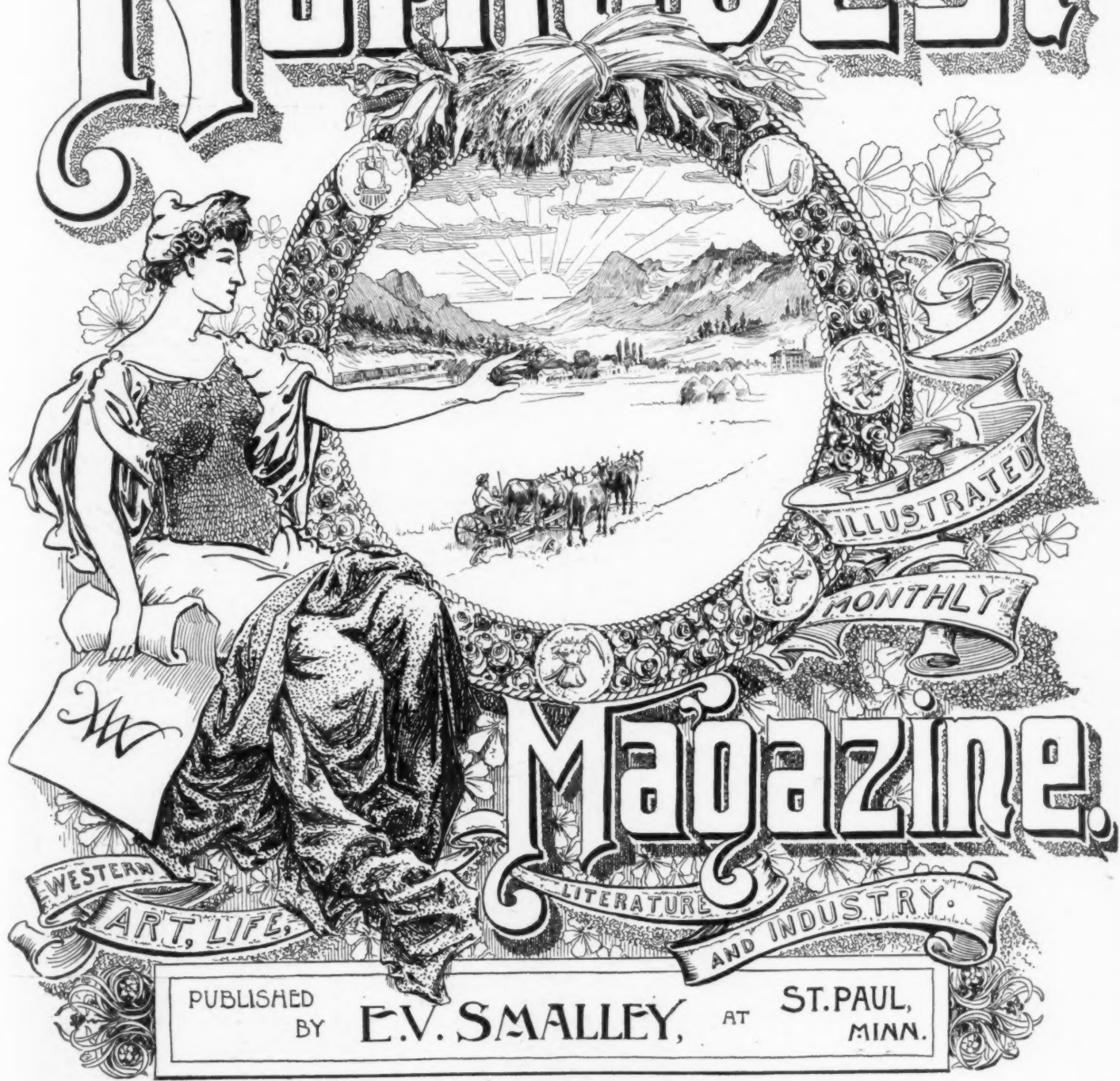


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The Northwest



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In this issue: { The Dunkards in North Dakota.
Seth Colby's Awakening.
The Sources of the Mississippi.

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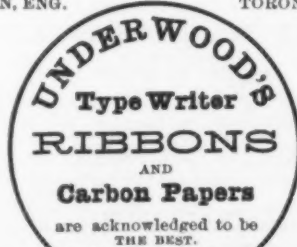
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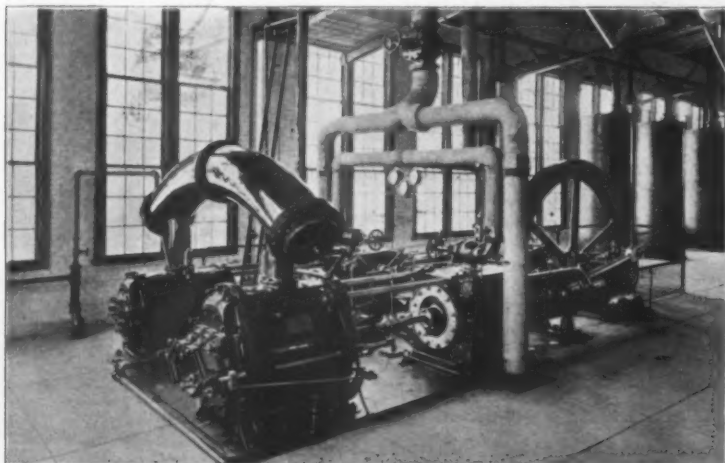
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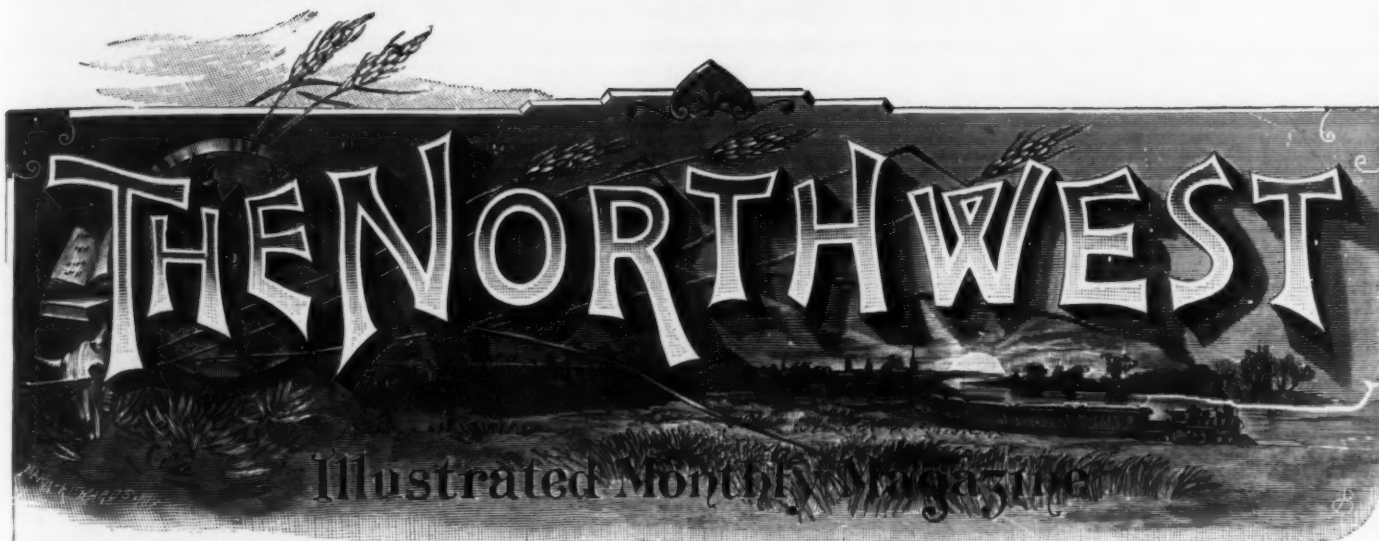
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ST. PAUL, OCTOBER, 1896.

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THE SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The Italian Explorer, Beltrami, and his Journey in 1823

BY E. V. SMALLEY.

Out of the fast-deepening mists of forgetfulness I desire to bring forward the picturesque and heroic figure of the Italian explorer, Giacomo Constantino Beltrami, who left the Government expedition of Major Long at Pembina, in 1823, and reached the basin which contains the group of small lakes that feed the extreme upper course of the Mississippi. Full justice has not been done in this country to the courageous efforts of Beltrami to discover the ultimate sources of the great river. It is true that one of the largest counties of the State bears his name, and that the Minnesota Historical Society cherishes with care the handsome portrait presented to it by the municipality of his native town of Bergamo. It is true, also, that the society, in the excellent work of J. V. Brower on the "Mississippi River and its Source," issued by its authority, gives a brief narrative of his adventures; but to the general understanding his name is merely a designation on the map, while the fame of actually finding the source of the river is popularly assigned to Schoolcraft, whose journey was made nine years later than that of Beltrami. Lake Itasca was not visited by Beltrami, but he indicated it on his map as Doe Lake. Schoolcraft mapped it accurately and demonstrated that it was the farthest from the mouth of the river of any lake not a mere pond, and therefore entitled to be called the source of the Mississippi. The present name was subsequently manufactured for this lake out of the Latin words *veritas* and *caput*, taking a portion of each, to indicate, as its meaning, "The true head." Beltrami's just fame rests upon the fact that, crossing the divide between the little streams flowing into Red Lake and those flowing southward into the lakes that feed the Mississippi, he attained a point very much higher than did the Cass expedition of 1820, which only penetrated as far as the present Cass Lake, then called Red Cedar Lake; that his motive was one of discovery only, and that he displayed, in his solitary quest for the fountains of the Mississippi, an admirable courage and fortitude.

Beltrami was born in Bergamo, Italy, in 1779, and was one of ten children of a customs-house officer of the Venetian Republic. He studied law, and entered the army as an inspector; but, having no taste for a military life, he returned to civil pursuits and in time became a judge of the civil and criminal court at Macerata. After the downfall of Napoleon and the partition of Northern Italy into a number of petty States under Austrian domination, he became intensely dissatisfied with the political condition of the country and resolved to travel in America. In 1822, when forty-three years of age, he landed in New York. He visited Washington, and had a pleasant audience with President Monroe. Crossing the Alleghenies by stage to Pittsburgh, he found that city already a busy seat of iron manufacture, where nails were made with machinery driven by steam. He descended the Ohio in a steamboat and stopped for a time at St. Louis, making excursions to visit Indian tribes in that vicinity and to study their manners and customs. Becoming acquainted with Major Tagliawar, of the United States Army, who was ordered to Fort St. Anthony (now Fort Snelling) on a mission to the Indians, he traveled by steamboat in company with that officer. At Fort St. Anthony a Government expedition was being fitted out, under Major Long, to go up the St. Peter's River (now the Minnesota) to Lake Traverse, descend the Red River to the international boundary, and then follow the boundary as closely as possible to Lake Superior, returning east by way of Mackinac. Concealing his purpose of attempting to discover the source of the Mississippi, Beltrami obtained, not without some difficulty, permission to accompany the expedition. He was pressed for money and was forced to sell his repeater watch to buy a horse. He soon fell into disfavor with the officers of the expedition, who seem to have regarded him as a queer, hare-brained foreigner who would be sure, sooner or later, to be killed by the Indians. Beltrami was, no doubt, vain and self-assertive,

but most of his peculiarities came from his Italian temperament and his romantic and ardent disposition. That he was a man of genuine talent and of high courage, his solitary trip to Red Lake amply demonstrated.

The Long expedition reached the Selkirk settlement at Pembina without any difficulty, and there Beltrami parted company with it. Securing the services of a half-breed guide and two Chippewa Indians, he exchanged his horse for a canoe and pushed up the Red River to the junction of Red Lake River. After a skirmish with a hunting party of Sioux, in which one hostile Indian was killed, his companions deserted him in the night and set out on foot for the Chippewa villages on Red Lake. Beltrami was left absolutely alone in a country that was a sort of bloody-ground where Chippewas and Sioux met on their hunting expeditions for buffalo. His spirits rose to the occasion, and with undaunted courage he pushed on into the unknown wilderness. His canoe was upset in a rapid and he lost his provisions. He righted it and saved, among other articles, his red silk umbrella. Drawing the frail craft over the shallows by a line, he toiled on up-stream. Somewhere above the present town of Red Lake Falls, he met a party of Chippewas descending the river in a canoe. A friendly interview ensued. The red umbrella was spread, to the delight of the savages, and a few gifts induced them to turn about and accompany the explorer to the shores of Red Lake. There he was hospitably entertained at an Indian village and remained for a time studying Indian character and collecting specimens of savage implements, arms and utensils.

Guided by his wild friends, Beltrami crossed the low divide south of Red Lake and struck upon the waters that feed the Mississippi. He stood upon a ridge from which he could gaze northward over an expanse of country from which the waters flowed to Hudson's Bay, and southward over a region where the water flowed to the Gulf of Mexico. The first little lake he reached, south of this ridge, he declared without further exploration to be the ultimate source of the Mississippi, and he named it Lake Julia in honor of an Italian countess who possessed his heart. The entire system of lakes in that region he designated on his map as the Julian sources of the Mississippi. His Julian sources included the lakes now called Turtle Lake, Bemidji Lake, Lake Marquette, and Lake Plantagenet. The Indians told him, however, of the western arm of the river, heading in Doe Lake, and he indicated both the stream

and the lake, now called Itasca, upon his map. He visited Leech Lake and Cass Lake, and, joining a party of Indians who were about to make a canoe voyage down to Fort St. Anthony, he reached that post in safety, greatly to the astonishment of the officers, who supposed that he had perished in the wilderness.

Beltrami went down the Mississippi to New Orleans and there published a brief account of his journey to the sources of the Mississippi. Schoolcraft's expedition to Lake Itasca, in 1830, exploded his claim of discovery of the extreme source of the river. He traveled extensively in Mexico, and, returning to Europe in 1827, he published in London his "Pilgrimage in Europe and America," in two stout volumes. The form of composition was that of letters

Paris he was on terms of friendship with Lafayette and Chateaubriand. In his old age he retired to a farm he owned at Filostrano, in Italy, and there he died, in 1855, at the age of eighty. His Indian and Mexican collections he bequeathed to the museum of Bergamo.

In 1865 the municipality of Bergamo published a volume in honor of Beltrami and dedicated it to the Historical Society of Minnesota. It consists of 132 pages in the Italian language, and is made up of articles on Beltrami and his travels written by Gabriele Rosa and Count Pietro Moroni, and of correspondence between the explorer and a number of prominent people on the subject of his discoveries. In one of these letters, written in French by Beltrami in 1836 to Monglave, secretary of the Historical

and deserves a high place in the list of the explorers of the Northwest. The picture in the Historical Society Library at St. Paul, by Professor Scurl, is much idealized. Beltrami is represented as standing in a canoe and propelling it with a long oar of a form unknown to the Indians and frontiersmen of that day. A bow and quiver are slung to his shoulder, and in the bow of the boat is his famous red silk umbrella. In one direction a mountain range limits the view across the lake on which he is embarked. A more faithful picture is the steel engraving which appears as a frontispiece to the first volume of his "Pilgrimage." It is an interesting fact that both Lake Itasca and the so-called Julian sources of the Mississippi, lie within the limits of Beltrami County.

Beltrami was not the first white man to traverse the region between Red Lake and Lake Cass. He believed himself to be, however. In 1798 David Thompson, an English astronomer in the service of the Northwest Company, started from Mouse River in the dead of winter with a dog-train. He passed the mouths of the Assiniboine and Pembina rivers, passed up along the shores of Red River and Red Lake River to Red Lake, turned southward to Turtle Lake, went down the Turtle River to Cass Lake, thence down the Mississippi to the mouth of Sandy Lake River, and thence across the divide to Lake Superior. The first white man to visit Lake Itasca was probably William Morrison, who went to the basin surrounding the sources of the Mississippi in 1803 and again in 1804, 1811 and 1812. The note-books of his journeys were lost, and his claims to the honor of first discovery rest chiefly upon letters written during the last years of his life and on recollections of his conversations.

IN MEMORY OF FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Where are the scenes that round this quiet spot
First roused these hills from centuries of sleep?
Where now the bugle's blare, the marshaled tread,
The hoarse-voiced summons of the cannons deep—
That filled these valleys and from bluff to bluff
Hurled forth their thunder 'gainst yon ashen crest,
And swept along the river's swollen front
Ere yet their trembling echoes died to rest?
Where are the scenes that first awoke these plains
With other sound than Indian cries and pond'rous
buffalo tread?—
The sturdy pioneers, who blazed the way
That civilization's gospel might be spread
Upon the fore-front of these trackless wilds—
To change their robe of hazy green to gold,
And herds of white-horned cattle for their elk and
deer,
And all this battle-ground to peaceful fold?
Where are the long, low roofs along the sand
That glows so brightly 'neath the dazzling sun?—
The gallant boys in blue, who from these walls
Came forth to war with cannon, sword and gun?
Where is the mansion with its graceful porch—
Wherein immortal Custer dreamt of wars and fame,
That when old age should wreath his brow with snow,
His country should revere and love his name?
Here's where a score of hopeful, longing hearts
In one brief moment heard their loved ones' doom—
That fatal hour that crushed their spirits out,
And cast their lives so rudely into gloom!
Left here, alas! to tread their way forevermore alone—
Borne down by saddest grief and woe, all desolate
for aye;
While those brave hearts so dearly loved—so tenderly
and true,
Out yonder on the battlefield, in death's own slum-
ber lay.
How chang'd! Where all was war's wild din and chiv-
alry and glare,
With voice and trumpet sounding in tones of loud
command,
Now voiceless stillness reigns supreme, and empty
ruins greet,
And scarce a footfall echoes in all the quiet land.
The world has 'most forgotten, in its ever rushing life,
The Little Bighorn Battlefield and Lincoln's shel-
'ring walls;
But there are hearts still beating that hold their
mem'ry dear—
A memory that brings to them a past beyond recall.
HOMER J. LOCKLING.



GIACOMO CONSTANTINO BELTRAMI.

addressed to his friend the countess, and the work was prefaced with a tedious and high-flown dedication "to the ladies," in which the author chants the praises of women through fifty pages of print. The book is still readable, though its style lacks clearness and directness, and there is everywhere a want of anything like scientific accuracy of observation. Still, we must remember that Beltrami made no pretensions to being a man of science. He had no instruments of any sort with him for making observations. He was merely a courageous adventurer who made a brave dash into the wilderness, hoping to achieve the fame of a great discoverer. In his later years he roamed from city to city on the continent of Europe, having access to intellectual circles everywhere. In

Institute of Paris, the explorer complains with some bitterness of the lack of honor paid him on account of his discoveries, and speaks of the anger of the Americans, who "could not pardon him for accomplishing alone what their numerous and powerful expeditions had in vain attempted," and of the jealousy of the English and French, who were unwilling to accord any merit to an Italian.

Beltrami was a tall, muscular man, of ruddy complexion, long, auburn hair and a sparse, red beard. He was scholarly in his tastes, and was well versed in the classics and in current literature. He spoke French, English, Italian and German and wrote fluently in French as well as in his mother tongue. He was rather vain and boastful, but he was candid, earnest and brave,



LAKE SAMISH, WASHINGTON.

A NOOK IN NORTHWEST WASHINGTON.

By J. P. MacIntyre.

A good road is a valuable acquisition to any district, particularly where farming is engaged in to any extent. It is also not an unimportant item in fostering and encouraging pleasure jaunts—especially when leading to one of the beautiful lakes which rest at the base of the tree-clad mountains of the West. One of these roads, just finished, leads through several sandstone cuts, streaked with coal, from Fairhaven—up near the boundary—to Lake Samish, eight miles inland. This lake is possessed of the features usual to bodies of water caught in the valley basins, and is approached by a timber-skirted road in the center of which stood, until recently, a white spruce-tree measuring seven feet in diameter at an elevation of a few feet from the ground. Emerging on the cleared space edged with scrub and cat-head growth, affording a view of the lake and surroundings, it is seen that industry has forced a practical work-a-day aspect into the retired natural pastel.

On the left shore, when looking down the main stretch of water forming the crescent lake, the pale-blue smoke from a shingle-mill rises vertically until it banks in the atmosphere in front of the pallid clouds that flick the dense plumes of the pines on the hillside. It remains stationary in the unfurled fluid, through which there comes the drumming of grouse in the woods; a liquid sound from the water, out of which a trout has leaped, and the modulated notes of the gamut by the sun-hailing frogs of the marsh strips, performing their Canadian repertoire of music. Even the rattle of the woodpecker's bill on a tall stub, and the barking of the rancher's dogs, seem to strike more distinctly on the ear in this quiet retreat than elsewhere. Across the lake, on the sinuous water-edge of the land, are several patches of greensward, sickly-looking in the verdure of a yet early spring, where they are sentinelled by an inornate post-propped roof doing duty as a hay-barn. Above those clearings of the south bank on the hill face, lie innumerable fire-licked logs, still valuable and convertible into money,

when reduced to shingle-bolts that are raftable by water to the mill opposite. Beyond, the timber is green—even to where the water impinges on its roots at the lakeside, before sweeping to the summit, where the trees rank along the line of the sky. Every pristine-conditioned portion has timber on it, timber which also crowns the Chuckanut hills with a perennial mass of green foliage. The order of the tree growth gives way to an occasional creek whose pellucid waters flow into the greater body which lies in the hollow. Up some distance on the slope, these passage-ways are spanned by railway trestles, brutal enough in adding nothing to the beauty of the vicinity.

On the north and west shores appear the homes and improved orchard-bearing lands of the diligent residents, an enticing resort that, eventually, will be more fully appreciated by prospective lake dwellers from the neighboring city. Down at the outlet of the lake and at its extreme foot, where a creek begins its course to the sea at Edison in the south, on Puget Sound, the wall of timber opens—curving away gracefully, on either side, like some natural effect of the weather on a sea-girt basaltic formation of rock. Impending in the air, further away and past the irradiance of water, hangs a violet-tinted cloud that screens a far-off hill, which is hazily visible in the distance. Its edge borders on a mound-looking mountain whose foot joins that of a longer peak ranging one side of the valley, at the end of which both rise equilaterally in front of an elevation that throws a ridge of the tips of trees across the opening between them.

On the other hand, to the right, spanned at its narrow neck by an appropriate wooden bridge, rests the lake head in the south. At the bridge end is a painted house, the color of which lends some little relief to the prevailing world of green. The sway of the evergreens falls to the bridge from the thickly-clad slope on its east side, where the head of the lake is obscured by the densely-set conifers of the land abutting on its neck. From the other end of

the structure, joining the land on either side, rises a bald mass of mountain which shows great expanses of gray sandstone jutting from its side and shoulder. There is a sparse growth of firs on the face of it, yielding to a rim of alder and other species of brush vegetation skirting the foot.

But the scenery is not a first consideration with many of the wayfarers wending their way to the mountain-set gem in its dissimilitude of emerald setting. There are attractive spots for anglers, spots that lure them from their urban winter resorts to cast a fly or drop a baited hook from one of the projecting logs on the bank. That device of the less keen fisherman, termed a "go-devil," is brought into requisition with dire effect among the finny denizens of the water. It is operated from a boat, in which the fisher holds one end of a line attached to a short, clipper-ended piece of wood that is tin-heeled and lapped by a narrow strip tacked on to its upper edge. To this upper rim is fastened the string, on which flies are stationed at regular intervals. As the contrivance sails gracefully about, guided in its course by the motion of the boat, the flies dance on the surface of the lake and prove very alluring. The sensation of the bite, and the ensuing struggle of the fish, is not so relishable by the sportsman—whose consideration in that respect, at least, must be small when the orthodox rod gives place to one of these inventions. In some of the lakes—numerous enough and within easy walking distance of the actual seaboard—fish are remarkably plentiful.

It is to the tourist in search of scenic grandeur and the pleasures of sport, that such a spot and such a road will prove most attractive. An idea prevails with one, while gazing on the pleasing features of such nooks, and this one in particular, that, contrast as they may in comparison with the paintings of the Dutch renaissance, nothing from nature can be reproduced on canvas with more satisfying results. In consonance with the aim of that school, imagination can desire little where the full effect of the scene is felt, as it must be, by an artistic brain when engaged in absorbing one of these subdued scenes of the byways of Washington.

SEEN IN WASHINGTON.

In New Whatcom, a seaport town and the county seat of Whatcom County, the northwest county in Washington and in the United States, is erected on the outer edge of a sidewalk on one of the principal street-corners an immense slab or section of one of Washington's biggest red fir-trees. The slab, being cut directly across the diameter of the tree, like a butcher's cutting-block, is set on edge, the greatest diameter extending upward, the bark being on its entire circumference.

A stranger naturally feels inclined to walk up to the slab and measure it by his height, and is surprised to find that it would take another man standing on his head to extend to the top of it. Then he steps back a pace and reads the following inscription, neatly painted on a board attached to the face of the slab:

"Tree from Loop's Ranch Forks, Whatcom County, Washington. The tree was 465 feet high, 220 feet to first limb, and thirty-three feet eleven inches in circumference at the base. If sawed into lumber it would make 96,345 feet. It would build eight cottages two stories high, of seven rooms each. The tree is about 480 years old, according to the rings. If sawed into inch-square strips, it would fill ten ordinary cars, and the strips would reach from Whatcom to China."

The section shows the tree sound to the core. —*Mining and Scientific Press.*

THE DUNKARDS IN NORTH DAKOTA.

The Story of a Good Country and a Good People.

The counties of Foster and Eddy lie almost in the exact geographical center of North Dakota, and are upon one of the principal watersheds of the North American continent. Here are found, in a few little ponds and marshes, the ultimate headwaters of two rivers. The James River, called on the old maps the Dakota, a name long since out of use, flows southward to the Missouri and its waters find their final resting place in the Gulf of Mexico. The James is said to be the longest unnavigable river on the continent. The other stream is much shorter and of less importance. It is called the Sheyenne. It is interesting in this connection, because its waters, flowing to the Red River, finally reach the great half-frozen inland sea of Hudson's Bay. Between the sources of these two streams there is no dividing line of hills to send the rainfall and the melted snows in one direction or the other. The country is an almost level prairie, and it is difficult to determine, without careful examination, whether a pond or a marsh feeds the one river or the other. On the near horizon, however, there rises the long, blue line of the Coteaux, and the bold headland known as the Hawk's Nest is a landmark for all the country around. The Coteaux form a rolling plateau, elevated some two or three hundred feet only above the general level of the prairie. It is a unique region, from the fact that it has no streams at all. Its drainage all goes into ponds, lakes and sloughs, and is absorbed into the ground or evaporated by the sun's rays. From the eastern ridges of the Coteaux the distance to the true Missouri slope, whence flow small creeks into the great Missouri River, is almost one hundred miles.

The counties of Eddy and Foster possess a fresh interest to us now from the fact that they have become, during the past two years, a great field for settlement by colonies of Dunkards, who come from Indiana, Illinois, Ohio and other States to make new homes upon the North Dakota prairies. The Dunkards are nearly all farmers, and very good farmers, too. They pay their debts promptly and seldom have recourse to the processes of law. They do not, as a rule, take part in politics, but they usually vote at national elections where the questions at issue are such as interest them profoundly.

The movement for a settlement of large colonies of these excellent people in North Dakota originated with the railroad companies operating lines in that State. It was taken up with interest in a number of large Dunkard communities, and delegates were sent out to examine the land and report upon its fertility, upon the climate, and upon the transportation and school facilities. The favorable reports of these delegates led a large number of families to sell out their farms and migrate to the new lands of the Northwest.

They in turn sent back good accounts to their relatives and neighbors, and the result was a still larger movement of colonization.

The two rivers which drain these counties flow for a considerable distance in parallel lines. The Sheyenne soon forms a rather deep valley which is bordered here and there by beautiful groves of cottonwood, alder, oak and willow trees. The James flows for a longer distance through an open and level country, and finally assumes the same characteristics as its neighbor, forming a narrow valley with bluffs on either hand. After about one hundred and fifty miles of parallel courses, nowhere far apart, the Sheyenne makes a sharp bend to the north and soon loses itself in the Red River, while the James keeps straight on in its southern course. I have driven a great deal about this Central Dakota district, first traversing it before it was penetrated by railroads. The first beginnings of settlement were in the early eighties, and in 1884 or 1885, if we remember rightly, a branch of the Northern Pacific, called the Jamestown Northern Railroad, entered the region from Jamestown and opened it to a period of very rapid occupancy. The country was found to be very favorable for wheat culture and for the raising of sheep and cattle, and to have rather more rainfall than the districts immediately to the east of it. A little experience demonstrated that the wheat-crop was more reliable here than in any part of North Dakota, with the exception of the Red River Valley. The first settlers were nearly all Americans; then a few Germans came in, later came

Norwegians, and now the unoccupied lands are fast filling up with the Dunkards.

Wells County, which lies immediately west of Foster and Eddy, is also benefited by the new tide of settlers. A considerable portion of its area, however, laps over upon the Coteaux and is better adapted for cattle and for sheep-raising than for grain. All three of these counties are reached by way of the Jamestown Northern Railroad, and also by the Soo line. The shipping facilities are convenient and ample. The farmers have no difficulty in sending their grain to market as soon after threshing as they desire. The towns are Carrington, county seat of Foster County; New Rockford, county seat of Eddy, and Fessenden, county seat of Wells. There are, besides, a number of villages with elevators and mills.

The Dunkards found in this region all the advantage of cheap lands which belongs to a new country, and, at the same time, the many advantages of railways, towns, schools, churches and roads which belong to a region of long-established settlement. They were not slow to see the opportunity afforded them for opening farms on good prairie-land that could be bought for three to five dollars an acre, and in many localities could be obtained from the United States Government at only the small cost of the land-office fees required by the homestead law. Undoubtedly the success of the settlements of these people, already established and prosperous, will lead to a further movement of their co-religionists the ensuing spring and summer. The people of North Dakota are giving a cordial welcome to the Dunkards. They recognize their value as citizens of the new commonwealth. They are honest, industrious, and thrifty. They build good houses and cultivate their lands carefully. They know how to take care of cattle and sheep. They know the economic value of gardens of vegetables and small fruits. They conscientiously pay their debts, go to church every Sunday, and send their children to school. They have, in fact, all the good qualities of the best class



DUNKARD CHURCH AND CONGREGATION AT CARRINGTON, NORTH DAKOTA.



A FEW MEMBERS OF THE ORIGINAL DUNKARD COLONY.

of agricultural settlers. North Dakota would be glad to have many thousands more of these people.

CLIMATE.

The climate of this Central North Dakota region is peculiarly favorable to health and longevity. A great fact to be considered is the total absence of malaria, which in many other regions saps vitality and lessens the duration of human life. The vast prairies, swept in summer by constant breezes and held firmly for four months in the grasp of winter's frost, do not offer favorable breeding-places for malarial germs. Malarial fevers may occur in North Dakota in low-lying lands along large river courses, but in the central part of the State there are no such lands and no such rivers. The whole country is a high table-land, and whatever malarial causes may exist on very limited areas for the production of germs of zymotic disease, are speedily dissipated by the prevailing breezes of the warm season, or killed by the winter's cold.

The common idea in the Eastern States of the climate in North Dakota is that the winters are excessively cold. This is by no means the fact. This notion has become prevalent owing to the reports of low ranges of thermometers at certain points in the Northwest where Government weather stations are established. The mercury does frequently go a long way below zero in all parts of North Dakota, but the very cold days are still and sunny days, and the dryness of the air makes the cold less felt than it is at a temperature twenty degrees higher in the Atlantic Coast region, or in the vicinity of the Great Lakes. Moisture in the atmosphere always intensifies both heat and cold. The dryness of the air in all the great prairie regions of the Northwest, makes the summers less trying and the winters less severe. Equipped in a fur coat and cap, you can drive over the North Dakota prairies when the thermometer marks twenty below without the least suffering from cold. Everybody wears fur in winter when driving, and a coonskin overcoat costs no more than a good cloth one, and will last a lifetime. Winter usually begins the last week of November or the first week of December, and sleighing is, as a rule, unbroken until near the end of March. The snow-

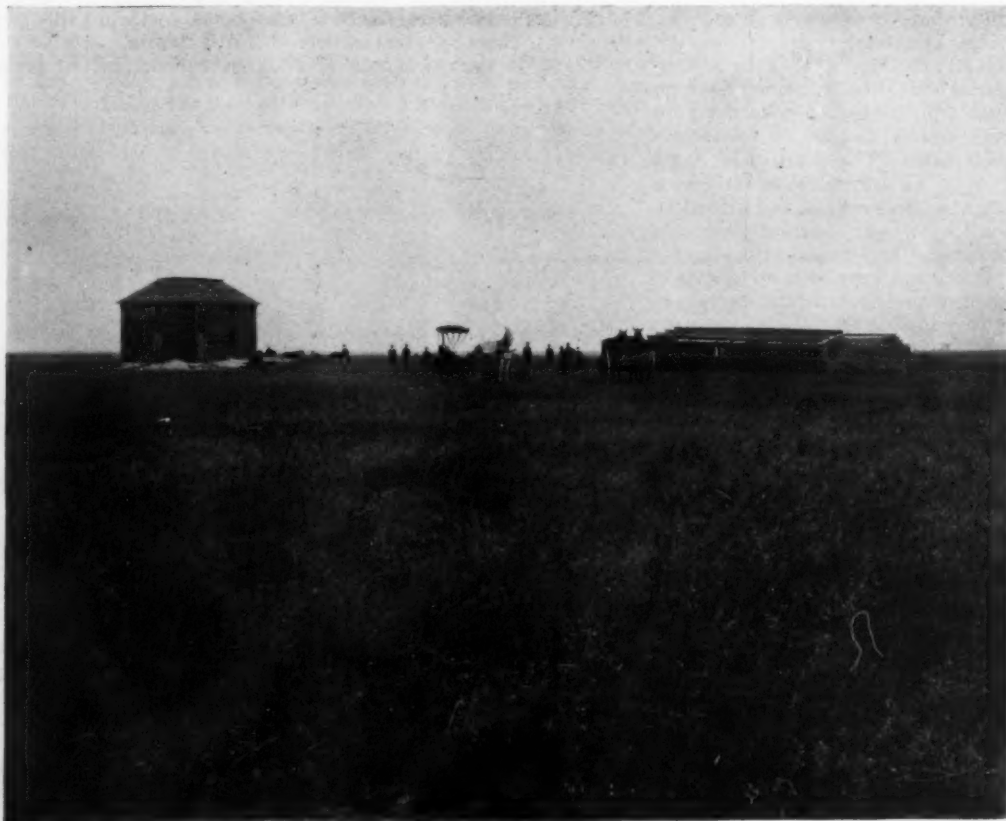
fall is never deep enough, however, to blockade the roads. The comfort and ease with which country people can drive about during the winter to visit their neighbors or to go to the towns, makes the long cold season one of much enjoyment.

The spring is comparatively brief, and very soon after the snow is gone the prairie roads are dry and hard, and wheeling is good clear up to the time when the first snows of the next winter fall. There is hardly any mud, and, as everyone knows who has lived in Illinois, Indiana or any other States of the middle belt, mud is one of the great drawbacks to business and comfort in the spring and fall. Here in North Dakota it is not to be considered at all. The extreme range of summer temperature is perhaps a little higher than in the States we have named, but there is never any dead, muggy heat, because the constant breezes blowing across the prairies make even ninety degrees

quite tolerable. There is something peculiarly bracing in the air of North Dakota, which people used to attribute to a large amount of ozone. Whether this is scientifically correct or not, all new-comers notice the stimulating quality of the atmosphere, and it acts upon them like a tonic. Old, chronic diseases are frequently thrown off with no other medicine than that of exercise in the open air. The absence of depressing summer heat and of the damp, penetrating, chill air which characterizes much of the winter season in regions further east, are the special peculiarities of the North Dakota climate.

THE SOIL.

The soil is pretty nearly uniform in depth and quality throughout Eddy and Foster counties, and in that part of Wells County which does not lie upon the Coteaux. Along the James River, however, there are some comparatively small areas where boulders are numerous and where, upon the slopes of the hills, the soil is gravelly. The characteristic soil of all this portion of North Dakota is a dark-brown loam, almost black, two or three feet in depth, resting upon a clay subsoil which contains a good deal of lime and has something of the property of marl. The lime constituent is so strong, that if you put a little vinegar on a handful of this subsoil it will effervesce quite vigorously. For the nutriment of small grains there is no better soil than this anywhere in the country. The common crops are wheat, oats, barley, rye, millet and potatoes. Some Indian corn is raised for fodder, and with a little experimenting it will no doubt be found practicable to plant varieties that will mature before the early frosts. In fact, corn has been grown at points in Manitoba much farther north than this. Wild grasses are luxuriant and nutritious, and the natural pasturage is everywhere excellent. Hay is obtained by running a mowing-machine over the depressions in the prairie where water accumulates in the spring. These depressions



A BEGINNING.—MEYERS BROTHERS' (FORMERLY OF HUNTINGTON, IND.) HOUSE AND SOD BARN, NEAR CARRINGTON, NORTH DAKOTA.



BROTHER D. D. BEERS' (FORMERLY OF SUGAR CREEK, O.) START, SHOWING NEW BREAKING AND HOUSE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION NEAR CARRINGTON, N. D.

are called sloughs. Not much has yet been done in the raising of timothy, because of the great abundance of wild hay. This is not an apple country and probably never will be, although some of the settlers think it will be possible to develop varieties, in the course of time, that will withstand the severe winters. All small fruits flourish, however, and there is no difficulty whatever in raising an abundance of currants, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries and strawberries; so that the settler who will take a little pains, can easily have his own fruit-garden. Vegetables grow very rapidly and are of remarkably good flavor. The potatoes of North Dakota sometimes get as far east as the Chicago markets, and attract attention by their superiority over the potatoes of Illinois and Iowa.

One great attraction of this, as of all new prairie countries, is the ease with which a new settler can get a start in farming. Lumber is now cheap and a house can be put up in a short time and finished sufficiently for a shelter during the summer and fall, so that the settler who goes upon his land in the spring can speedily get to work plowing. As he turns the long, clean-cut furrows in the rich, dark soil, he naturally compares his labor with that of plowing the stony and partially sterile regions in the small fields of the Eastern States. The landscape is all open and unobstructed to the far horizon, the meadow-larks sing as they mount heavenward from the green and blossoming prairies, the air has a wonderful exhilarating quality, and the settler feels that his lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places.

THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW DUNKARD CHURCH AT CARRINGTON.

It is amid such surroundings as those described above that the Dunkard

brethren are located. Their settlements constitute simple pastoral scenes in which worldly intemperance, either of habits or morals, would appear altogether incongruous. Theirs is a religion of love and charity; theirs a life of peace and frugality. Whatever of good pertains to them as a sect, whatever of thrift and energy lift them as a body above the generality of so-called farmers, has been transplanted by them to these colonized sections of North Dakota.

It was a memorable occasion that called these

sturdy settlers together in Carrington, North Dakota, on the sixth of September, 1896. Scarce half a year had elapsed since a hundred or more families, comprising about 500 souls, left their old homes in Eastern States to settle on the fertile lands which lie contiguous to the Northern Pacific Railway in the counties of Foster, Eddy and Wells. But they had been six months of progress. Homes had been built, broad fields placed under cultivation, and, side by side with these evidences of material prosperity was the prompt construction of a church—wherein they might assemble to return humble but devout thanksgiving to the God they worshiped. Beautiful in its very simplicity, the little church about which they gathered and in which they reverently assembled, stood as a sign before Heaven and unto men. It was a token of faith—of faith out there on the great Dakota prairies—the faith of a people who desired nothing better than to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows and to live at peace with the whole world.

Notable men were present. There were Elders I. J. Rosenberger of Covington, Ohio, one of the most highly respected and influential members of the German Baptist Church; J. H. Moore, assistant editor of the church paper, *The Gospel Messenger*, and Joseph Amick, business manager of the same publication, both of Mt. Morris, Ill.;

Noah Fisher of Huntington, Ind., William R. Miller of Chicago, D. S. Filbrun of Brant, Ohio, and Howard Miller of Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Elders Rosenberger, Moore and Fisher were also accompanied by their wives. These people belonged to several coach-loads of Dunkard excursionists who came from the older Eastern colonies to attend the dedicatory services of this new church, and to see for themselves what store of good the country held. In charge of prominent officials of the immigration de-



BROTHER M. BEAGLE'S (FORMERLY OF ADA, O.) FARM, STARTED IN APRIL, 1896, NEAR CARRINGTON, N. D.



A FEW OF THE FIRST SETTLERS.

partment of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, they were shown every courtesy and given every opportunity to become acquainted with their new surroundings.

THE SUNDAY MORNING DEDICATORY SERVICES.

Thus it was, that, reinforced by their brethren from abroad, the local communicants flocked early on Sunday morning, September 6, to hear the words that should dedicate their little church to the service of God. No services were held in the other Carrington churches, and so the congregations met and mingled in fraternal unison about the new altar. It must have been a proud day for Elder Niccum, the local pastor. He and his brethren had looked forward long and earnestly to this occasion, and now, in the presence of all these people, they were about to reap their reward. Elder Rosenberger was chosen by the brethren to preside over the service, and he was supported ably by Elders Moore, Amick, Miller, Filbrun and Fisher. The dedicatory sermon by Elder Rosenberger was as full of simple beauty as it was practical in purpose. Referring to the church, he said:

"And to you, my brethren and sisters, who are taking so much pleasure in the opening of this beautiful house of God—one thing that enters into your joy is the thought that this is something which will endure. It looks to me like a place that will continue to bless our children after their fathers and mothers shall have gone to their long home. As you are aware, our friends here have manifested a great interest in our prosperity and have done everything they could to assist us in erecting this church. They knew that if we found beautiful homes and good neighbors we would be glad; but, above all, they knew that we would rejoice in a beautiful house of worship, such as this. We must not think altogether of competing railways or of school-houses and good business opportunities, though these are good things. When we return and talk about these material advantages, we can also add, 'They have churches, too.' To think that our brethren can come from all sections and find friends here, and with a small investment purchase a home, and then have a church to which they can bring their children—this is

indeed the best part of it all! This will enable them to bring up their families in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—and that is a great inducement.

"I wish to say that the climax of the advantages of this country is this church. Brethren and sisters, how would you like to move to a country where there are no churches? Here you have a church in which you can practice the forms of your worship. What will be the result of this? For one thing, this will be a place to which you can come regularly. You will lead your children here, and it will be a sacred place; and if this is a sacred place to you, brethren, you will support it with your money and you will settle your differences here. Now, brethren, we have met here today to dedicate this house. It is erected for the worship of God, and you mutually agree that it shall be a sacred place—that shall be devoted to prayer and praise."

Elder Rosenberger pursued this subject for some time and then said:

"It is proper for me here, brethren, to speak of what has been done for you. I doubt if any church has had as much done for it as you have. Brethren, you appreciate it—and I hope you

will continue to do so; and I think it will be proper for me to name some of the circumstances connected with the beginning of this enterprise. The first I knew of it was one night last winter when I was closing some special services in Huntington, Indiana. I saw a gentleman in the meeting who was a stranger to me, and who passed out at the close of the service. I asked Brother Fisher who he was, and was told that it was Mr. Mott, the general immigration agent of the Northern Pacific Railway Co.; that he had spoken to him relative to organizing a colony of the brethren to settle on the railway company's lands in North Dakota, and that the railway company agreed, if a certain number of families would locate there, to make a liberal donation toward the erection of a church. I said to him: 'Brother Fisher, you ought to take that project up and give it encouragement; you have time to devote to it, and it is worthy of investigation.' If anyone had told me, that night last January, that on this sixth day of September we should be up here as we are today, I would have thought it visionary. I think it proper to add, in this connection, that our friends, Messrs. Phipps and Motts, of the Northern Pacific, have not only done all they agreed to do, but have contributed \$200 more than they had pledged to give. I wish also to mention the Carrington-Casey Company, as having very generously donated the church site, as well as contributing in other ways; also Mr. Barney, and many others. I desire to say to all our kind friends, that we appreciate your generosity toward us and hope you will not be disappointed in the results which you anticipate from our settlement amongst you."

As about \$500 was needed to clear the church of all indebtedness, this matter was now taken in hand by Brother Amick, who has already been referred to as the business manager of the *Gospel Messenger*. After a few preliminary remarks, Brother Amick said: "The men that are wanted today are those that have toiled up the ladder and have risen by their own personal exertions. These brethren have, I trust, come here to make money. You may think this a strange statement, but it is nevertheless true that they have come here to make a living and to bless the community. They have come here to make money and to make a living in an honest way. I want them to take the advice



MAIN STREET, CARRINGTON, N. D.



A SIX MONTHS' START.—M. A. CLINE'S (FORMERLY OF CAMDEN, IND.) FARM.

of an eminent divine. John Wesley, who is noted in the Christian world and who has wrought a great work, says about this: 'Make all the money you can. Save all the money you can—and then spend all the money you can in God's cause.' Now, brethren, you are here that you may make all the money you can, and we want you to save all you can; but we do not want you to become miserly and hoard it up. No; we want you to be generous and liberal; for this world cannot move without money. We come to you today for money, and we want to give you the worth of it. We want to give it, not only for the development of the virgin

soil, but for the development of Christian characters in this community, as well. We want character and honesty. Your merchants here will have more confidence in the man who comes to his place of business, even though his clothes be patched and he bear the marks of tilling the soil, when he knows that he attends the prayer meeting, visits the sanctuary, and that his word is as good as his bond."

Following the collection—which was sufficient to free the church of debt and to leave a surplus for church fixtures—Brother W. R. Miller, of Chicago, felt a warm wave sweep over his heart and arose and said:

"I believe this is a good place to come to. When I get back home I am going to invite everyone to come up here who wants a good place to live in, a good church to worship in, and a good community to settle amongst."

Then followed the eloquent dedicatory prayer by Elder Moore, one of the editors of the church paper; and just prior to the dismissal of the congregation his associate, Elder Amick, felt moved to utter a few more words as follows:

"We feel, brethren and sisters who are here today, that we owe a vote of thanks to the kind-hearted, generous souls who have come up to the Lord's help in providing the means for building and dedicating this house. To the citizens of this community, to the managing officials of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, and to all who have felt an interest and who do feel an interest in our work, let us rise to our feet and tender a vote of thanks. God bless you!"

THE SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.

The church was filled again at the evening service, at which a very able and interesting statement of the views of the German Baptist Church was made by Elder Moore. At the close of this service and just before the congregation separated, Elder Niccum, the presiding elder of the church at Carrington, addressed the audience as follows:

"We feel very happy this evening to see you all. We are very happy, too, over the result of the morning service. I wish to thank the kind friends of this town and the surrounding country for the generous way in which they have treated us. We also wish to thank the officials of the Northern Pacific Railway for the way they have acted toward us. They have done more than they agreed to do, and we do not know how we can ever repay them. We are under obligations to you all which we shall never be able to liquidate."

The Love Feast and Communion Service were held Tuesday evening, September 8, and were participated in by Elders Amick, Rosenberger,



NORTH DAKOTA WEALTH-PRODUCERS.

Weaver and Moore. It must be remembered that the various ceremonies herein mentioned were in many respects remarkable. To these people, who had hitherto lived in the old and thickly-populated States of the East and the South, the opening of a church of their own faith out there on the prairies was an event. It marked an era of development—it was a sign of new conquest. To the brethren themselves it was like taking possession of a new land—like the formal occupation of a new domain. We have made only fragmentary quotations from their several discourses, yet every word breathes an earnestness of purpose and a sincerity of spirit that stamp these people as pure gold. We have quoted enough to show that their religion is not skin-deep, and that it teaches them to be temperate, frugal, industrious, yet always charitable and never ungenerous. "Make money," says one of their elders, "but make it honestly. Make it that you may spend it for God and in upbuilding the moral and spiritual character of your community. Never be miserly. Be generous, be liberal, and let thanksgiving be offered for every blessing and every kindness that has been showered upon you in this country." Men and women that live up to such teachings cannot have bad characters. Their spoken words are indeed as good as their bonds. It is no wonder that prosperity has followed in their footsteps. So far as their light goes,—and the light of no sect goes further,—they conform their lives to the Divine Will and do, it would seem, find special favor in Divine sight. Many persons have, in their utter ignorance, smiled at these people. They have not even taken pains to learn whence the name Dunkard is derived. For such persons, and for others who are really interested in German Baptist history and who will be pleased to gather all possible information relative thereto, we have compiled the following:

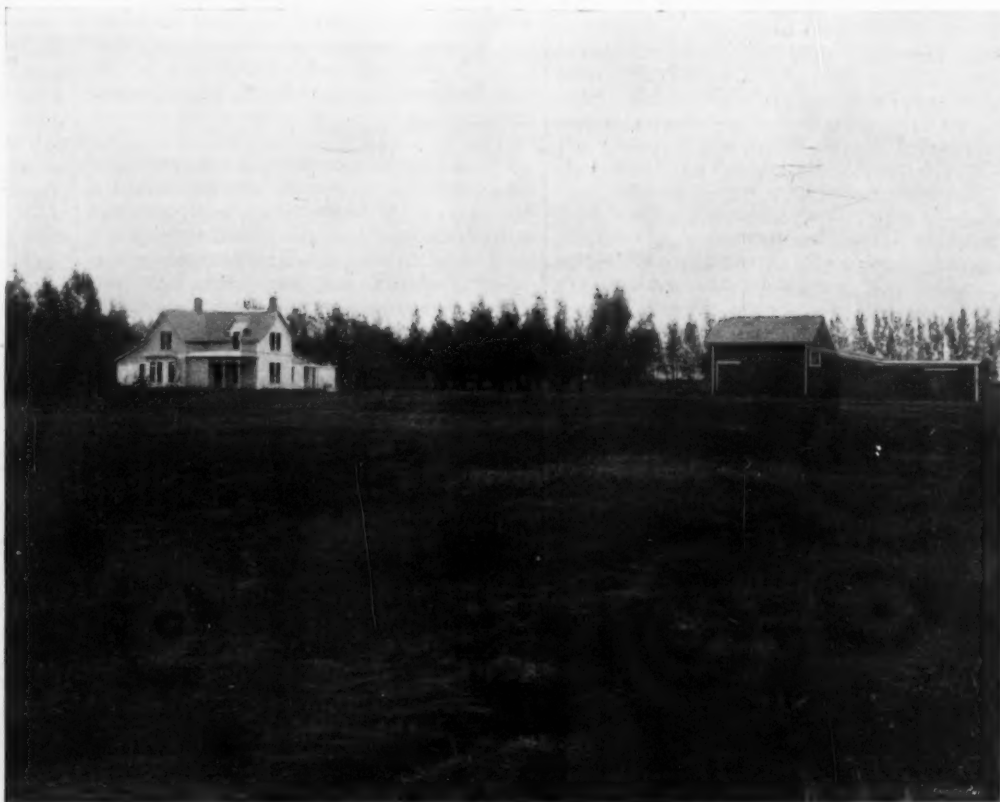
DUNKARD HISTORY AND CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

The term "Dunkard" is applied to a sect of German American Baptists said to have been founded at Schwarzenau in Westphalia by Alexander Mack in 1708. The name is derived from their manner of baptism—by trine immersion. They were driven from Germany in 1719-29, and crossed the ocean and settled in Pennsylvania—subsequently in Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, Virginia and other States. Properly speaking, they ought always to be referred to as German Baptists; but owing to their method of baptism they have been called "Dunkers," "Dunkards" and "Tunkers"—from the German *tunken*, "to dip." They have been called "Dunkards" so long and so universally, however, that it seems best to continue the usage. The term really has no other signification than that of the word baptist in English, so there can be no possible disrespect in employing it.

Ask any intelligent German Bap-

tist concerning his religious views, and you will find that while some of the church ceremonials are peculiar to this people, they are in every instance entitled to one's profound respect. There are no palatial church edifices, no ecclesiastical pomp, no flowing robes, no ostentation whatever. The teachings of the New Testament are followed literally. Simplicity characterizes their lives in church and home

alike. The officers of the church comprise three official grades, that of elder being the highest. The first grade are licensed to preach, but they cannot administer the sacrament or solemnize marriages. Ministers of the second degree may administer the communion and solemnize marriages in the absence of the elder. The elders have attained to full ordination and may anoint with oil as provided in the 5th



WHAT CAN BE DONE IN NORTH DAKOTA.—MURPHY BROTHERS' FARM, FOSTER COUNTY, SHOWING FARM RESIDENCE AND OTHER BUILDINGS.

Chapter of St. James. They administer the sacrament, perform marriages, hold executive power, execute the laws of the church, and discipline the members as occasion may demand. There may be several elders in a local church organization, one of whom will be chosen for presiding elder.

The Dunkards are church, court and law unto themselves. If they have disputes, they never are known to the outside world; they are settled within the church, which exercises a temporal as well as a spiritual authority over its members. This religious government is enforced strictly and abided by without dissent. They also have a complete system for raising funds for benevolent purposes and for adjusting all differences which may arise between themselves and non-members of the church. They care for their own poor, are helpful to one another, temperate in all things, frugal, industrious, and strictly practical in business and religion alike. While they may not be a superior order of beings, they certainly are intelligent and almost universally prosperous; and we submit that it would be difficult for any degree of intelligence to lead to a better result than this.

CUSTOMS, CREED AND CEREMONIES.

Certain peculiarities mark the Dunkards as a separate people. In the matter of dress, the men must wear shaven upper lips, full beards, long hair parted in the middle, soft, low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, and standing collars and cutaway coats. For the women, worldly fashions are prohibited altogether. They must wear plain sunbonnets devoid of ribbons and flounces,—except at prayer service, when they wear small prayer caps made of thin, white lace,—and gowns that are quiet in color and of very simple design. Jewelry and all bits of finery are not permitted. Notwithstanding these restrictions, however, Dunkard maids and matrons are wonderfully neat and attractive in appearance, and the men have so sturdy and self-respectful a look that their mannerisms pass almost unnoticed. Their religious eccentricities, if so they may be termed, consist wholly of their literal understanding of the New Testament Scriptures, the teachings of which are followed to the very letter. They draw no fine-spun theories, no far-fetched doctrines, from the simple words spoken by Christ. To them, what Christ said, that He meant. This was exemplified at the recent celebration of the Lord's Supper in the church at Carrington. This solemn ceremony is always held by them in the evening. Tables are prepared and ordinary food is provided in sufficient quantity to afford a regular meal. About these tables the members seat themselves, the sisters occupying one part of the room, the brethren another part. It is while they are thus seated that the ceremony of washing the feet is performed. Basins of water are supplied, towels are girded about the loins of some of the men, a brother kneels, washes and wipes the feet of a brother at his side, he performs a similar service for another, and so on until the rite has been participated in by all. The sisters wait upon each other in like manner. At the completion of this ceremony the supper is partaken of—in silence and with becoming reverence. Thanks are returned both before and at the close of the supper. Immediately following this is the communion service, which consists in partaking of the loaf and cup in memory of Christ's suffering and death upon the cross. In the Sacred Record we read that in the evening He came with his twelve disciples and washed their feet as they sat about the table; that they then had supper together, and that after the supper He passed the bread and the wine of the communion. The Dunkards do exactly the same, the three rites being observed

in the order that was practiced the last night Jesus was with His disciples, and the same order in which they are described in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. There is more or less singing, a little preaching and some Scriptural reading during these services, and just before passing the loaf and cup, and while still seated at the table, the brethren salute one another with a kiss, the sisters performing a similar duty among themselves. Another practice—in connection with the more ordinary treatments for the preservation of health—is to anoint the sick with oil in the name of the Lord. This, however, is only done when members request it. Baptism is by trine immersion. Candidates for baptism kneel in the water and are, by a forward movement, dipped or immersed in the water three times—in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost respectively. This rite was first performed by the German Baptists in the river Eder, probably not far from the bridge at Schwarzenau, in Germany. It is the simplicity of their faith that appeals so powerfully to all who witness its every-day observance.

Earnest, devoted, law-abiding and scrupulously honest in all their dealings, the Dunkards have come to be respected for their high personal character and singularly successful lives. There are no social grades; and, by the way, the impression that they are altogether clannish is a mistaken one. They not only do not insist upon being by themselves, but they frequently prefer to live alongside of those holding different views, and not infrequently do they intermarry—finding this an excellent means of increasing the rank and file of their own numbers.

THEIR NUMBERS, EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS, ETC.

There are about 250,000 Dunkards in the United States, nearly 2,500 of them being in North Dakota. They are good Americans and the very best of colonizers. They have founded six self-supporting colleges, have a church paper that is ably edited and widely circulated, and among them are many highly educated men—men of letters and broad scholastic attainments. One of these brethren, the Elder D. L. Miller, has made several tours of the Holy Land and has written a number of works which entitle him to high rank in the world of letters.

Such are the people whom the Northern Pacific officials have treated with so marked a liberality as to bring from them both public and private acknowledgments. The company did more than its bond called for. Absolute fairness characterized its every action. All land values were known to these settlers prior to leaving their old homes, and every reasonable provision had been made for their comfort, prosperity and well-being during the hardest period of their settlement in the new country. That they are satisfied, and that the immigration department of the Northern Pacific Railway is satisfied, is clearly established by evidence set forth in this paper. Scores of good men have not hesitated to speak most warmly of General Immigration Agent Mott's untiring and successful efforts to induce these great colonization enterprises. And now that the work is begun—now that the fertility of these lands in North Dakota has positive and disinterested evidence back of it, it will be surprising if other thousands of the Dunkard brethren do not leave the old, congested districts of Indiana, Pennsylvania and other States and come also to the North Land—where the soil is new and rich, the climate healthful, the winters and summers full of man-making vitality, and where all the people are ready to welcome and to extend aid to thrift and honesty.



LOVE AND SOLITUDE.

I do not understand the charm I feel
In my love's presence, but I comprehend
That all my actions have a formal trend
And distant courtesy. A mute appeal
Lurks in my eyes yet, scarce genteel.
I stare, reserved; and, though we softly wend
Amid the sunlit bowers without end,
I dare not tell my love my fondest weal.
Oh, then to be alone—to dream, to write
The full, soul-flowing ecstasies of love!
No heart is tender like the absent one;
No thoughts like those of Solitude and Night;
No visions of the rumored realm above
Like that of Love, in silence musing on!

FRANK C. TECK.

Written for *The Northwest Magazine*.

A Tribute to Motherhood.

Charles Gounoud, as his memoirs show, had a great regard for his mother. Of her he said: "If I have worked any good, by word or deed, during my life, I owe it to my mother, and to her I give the praise. She nursed me; she brought me up; she formed me—not in her own image, alas! But the fault of what is lacking lies with me and not with her."

Outspoken Words.

Few women, perhaps none, says the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, can take care of their families and at the same time run a store, or a mill, or a farm, or a country's politics. The woman whose interest in outside matters of any kind is so absorbing that it draws her away from her home and leads her to entrust the care of her hearth and her children to hired servants, abdicates her true and natural functions, and becomes in a measure incongruous and unsexed.

The Window-Curtain.

There are divers ways of arranging window-curtains, and no one way seems more correct than another—it is so largely a matter of taste. Most women tie back their window-curtains about half-way down the sash. This allows very little light to penetrate the room from without. They are quite as pretty, and far pleasanter in the result, if the tying takes place about one-quarter of the way from the top. This preserves the screening effect and does not keep out all the sunlight.

A Lovely Table Decoration.

A unique table decoration is a vase made of a kind of clay which absorbs a great deal of moisture. Select a low, quaintly-shaped vase, and fill it with water; keep it filled for twenty-four hours, and then sprinkle thickly with fine seed. In another twenty-four hours the seed will commence to show signs of green, and in a few days it will be quite green, which will remain for several months. Keep the vase filled with water, and arrange any color of flowers in it. Stand on a round mirror, and it will be found a pretty decoration for the center of the table.

New After-Dinner Trays.

Trays for the after-dinner coffee service have taken to themselves new caprices in shape and material. One nearly two feet long is barely eight inches wide, and has a heavy glass bottom. It is, in fact, a slab of glass, set in silver rack, with handles. In the rack, in Indian file, stand the pair of eggshell cups, the slender pot, with long spout, tiny creamer and sugar bowl, with a high, slim glass jug for the cognac

and two infinitesimal accompanying glasses. The whole is lifted by the pair of handles, and is a most convenient and handsome service. Others in the same general style have the tray entirely of silver.

A Real Angel.

For a good, every-day household angel, give us the woman who laughs.

Her pastry may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace the missing buttons, but for solid comfort, all day and every day, she is a very paragon. Home is not a battlefield, nor is life one long, unending fight. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of polishing up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things no woman should be without.

We are not all born with sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try.

The Rebuke Universal.

The other day a well-known Astoria lady gave her liege lord a little lecture which is worth repeating, we learn from the *Oregon Astorian*. It was about as follows: "Don't adorn your sitting-room with the motto 'God Bless Our Home,' and then fret and fume and make the home as nearly an inferno as you can. There is nothing like consistency in these little matters. Either take the sign down, or else do the business which it advertises." God never can bless a home in which there is dissension; but the blessing is sure to come when selfishness gives way to patience, sweet forbearance, and a love that appreciates virtues and is a bit blind to imperfections.

The Ills Which Feet are Heir to.

When midsummer heat descends upon the community, even the sisterhood that scorns all but common-sense shoes suffers. Heavy boots are out of the question, and thin-soled ones do not seem to afford sufficient protection to the inflamed feet. Nothing but constant care will save one from the tender mercies of the chiropodist. The feet should be bathed at night in water as hot as can be borne. This will reduce the swelling and allay the inflammation. Then they should be plunged immediately into cold water, to harden the skin. If they are sore, they should be rubbed with witch-hazel. In the morning, of course, they should receive another cold-water bath. These cures for, and preventives of, swollen feet, are particularly valuable for the woman who has to stand much during the day.

Hints for the Hostess.

The secret of being a good hostess is in hiding the fact that you are making an effort to please. The hostesses to whom you like best to go are those where you feel at liberty to look over the books and portfolios, where the piano stands open, and where there are easy chairs and cushions. In preparing for an evening party, if you expect to have games which involve real play, put away all delicate bric-a-brac, so that no guest shall have the misfortune to spoil his or her evening by an accident. Scatter books and photographs in one corner of the room for the benefit of those who do not dance. Have a table where a game may be played comfortably. Look after the shy girls and boys; that is one of the chief duties of the hostess. It is better to try to bring them into the general sport than to devote yourself to their amusement.

What Men Like in Women's Dress.

"What I like about women's dress just now is its suggestiveness of the attention that is

paid to the under side of things," remarked a masculine critic. "I like the pretty things that one catches a glimpse of under the ripple of a jacket or the displaced fold of a cloth skirt, and the silk petticoat, with its ruffles and lace trimmings that show every now and again when milady gets into her carriage or runs up the steps of her brown-stone front. I like the faint odor of violets that you notice when you pick up her glove, veil or fan, and the clean look of her well-kept hair and hands; for an up-to-date woman is a dainty creature, despite her 'tailor-mades' and knickerbockers and mannish little affectations. 'The gods see inside,' said the Eastern artisan as he finished the interior of his vase with the same care that he bestowed upon the exterior; and it is precisely that which I admire about the women nowadays—the evident daintiness of all their belongings."

A Dawning Truth.

Women do not understand the amount of sleep they need, or, if they understand it, they neglect what should be an obligation to themselves—altogether the more probable. They certainly do not know what a help more sleep would be to them mentally, sanitarily and personally—this in particular—or they would try to get more. A very large proportion of them who are virtually invalids, though they may not admit it; who are rarely cheerful or hopeful, through deranged nerves; who are complaining, fretful, nagging; who cannot imagine what ails them—are what they are from lack of adequate sleep. They ascribe their condition, the failings, to a variety of causes, but never to the right one—which is, so to speak, under their very eyes, and therefore unsuspected. Many, chiefly those who are overfond of society, recognize their incapacity to rest at night, and try to overcome it by narcotics or sedatives, without any permanent success. They substitute artificial for natural means, and pay the penalty. As a rule, they sleep best who sleep most, and they sleep worst who sleep least. The true curatives are within ourselves, and this truth is steadily dawning on our minds.

A French Woman's Criticism.

Mme. Guy d'Hardelot has some very decided opinions regarding the dress of American women. "On the street or at an entertainment like a horse show," she says, "it amazes me to see how much American women put upon their backs. It seems such a pity, such a waste of money! There is so much to be done with the money in the world, so many sorrows to lighten, so many sufferers to relieve, that such awful extravagance in dress seems quite deplorable."

"Then, too, isn't it awfully hard on the American men? Everywhere you go in this country you see only women. The men are all in their offices or at their professions—working, working constantly to get money to supply the extravagance of their wives and daughters. It is dreadful. I think American men are the best husbands in the world, but too indulgent."

"As to the way your working-girls dress, it is shocking! What poor, miserable, cheap imitations of finery one sees everywhere! But that is like the English working-girls. They love finery, too. I think that is where so much mischief is done. Ladies wear superb costumes upon the street; working-girls see them and strive to imitate them. Soon they come to think of nothing but finery. I tell you that love of finery is the root of all evil quite as much as the love of money."

It may be of interest to feminine readers to know that Mme. Guy d'Hardelot herself dresses plainly, but elegantly, and almost always in black.

Our October Scrap-Book.

Polish your steel knives with brick-dust mixed with a little baking soda.

A cloth moistened with ammonia will remove paint and putty from your window-glass.

If grass-stains in white goods are rubbed with alcohol before articles are put into soap and water, the stains may be readily removed.

Nothing will so quickly clean and polish the spigots of sink and bath-tub as a little ammonia and suds, mixed with fine ashes from the ash flue of the range.

To clean the range after frying, crumple a newspaper between the hands and rub the range with it. This will absorb the grease and leave the range bright as before.

When clothing becomes wrinkled from packing or from other cause, the wrinkles may be removed by hanging the garments over night in a heated room. Spread the clothes over a clothes-horse as smoothly as possible.

Silver that is polished and rubbed with a piece of lemon and then washed and thoroughly dried, will not only keep clean longer than with the ordinary cleansing, but will have the white brilliancy so much to be desired.

A good remedy for hard or soft corns is turpentine. Rub in on the corn every evening for about two weeks and the roots will come out and not reappear in any form. Linseed oil is another excellent cure, and absolutely harmless.

A good polish for jewelry consists of alcohol and whiting. Make a paste of it and keep the bottle corked tightly. Polish with brush or soft cloth. Dry chalk and alcohol—applied with a brush moistened with alcohol, is equally good.

It is said that soiled ribbons may be made as good as new by washing them in suds made of fine toilet soap and cold water. They must be squeezed quickly, though. Then place them between two cloths and press with a moderately hot iron.

Mend kid gloves with fine cotton thread, not with silk thread. The former looks better and will wear longer. It doesn't cut the kid. If the gloves are torn, put a piece of silk of corresponding shade under the torn part, baste carefully so as not to reveal the stitches on the right side, and then draw up the rent with cotton thread.

A simple, immediate, and oftentimes permanent relief from catarrh or catarrh cold, is found in snuffing a little lukewarm water into the nostrils every morning after rising. Cleanse the nose thoroughly by blowing, hold a little water in the palm of the hand, and follow the directions given. The treatment is also good for a cold in the head.

Another good silver polish is made of whiting, water and ammonia. Into a pint of water put one, or perhaps two, tablespoonfuls of ammonia and enough whiting to make a paste of it. Bottle it, and always shake well before using. Apply with cotton flannel or chamois skin, and polish until perfectly dry. It will remove tarnished spots almost immediately.

The best way to prepare a new iron kettle for use is to fill it with clean potato peelings and water, boil them for an hour or more, then wash the kettle with hot water, wipe it dry, and rub it with a little lard. Repeat the rubbing several times after using. In this way you will prevent rust and all the annoyances likely to occur in the use of a new kettle.

The latest health fad is paper pillows. The paper is torn into very small pieces and then put into a pillow sack of drilling or light ticking. The pillows are very cooling in hot weather, and are said to be superior to feather ones. Brown or white paper and old letters and envelopes are the best. The finer the paper is cut or torn, the lighter it makes the pillow.

SETH COLBY'S AWAKENING.

By Herbert Bashford.

Reuben Harwood brought his ax down upon the huge spruce chopping-block, and, leaving it fastened there, stood, with calloused hands clasped behind him, gazing intently across the clear waters of the Nechogwitchen to a rustic little cabin on the opposite bank, in the doorway of which a slight, girlish figure was industriously shaking the crumbs from a snowy table-cloth.

"Hello, Mate!" he called, cheerily; "yer up early this mornin'. I thought shore I'd beat yuh, this time."

"I hed t' git gran'paw started away," she answered, her words mingling with the musical babble of the river between them. "He went down t' th' Agency t' see 'bout buyin' a cow. He's bin gone 'most 'n hour. He's at th' mouth of the river by this time, I reckon."

"I 'low yuh'll be perty lonesome 'fore he gits back?" shouted the young man.

"Yes; spect I will," came the reply as she folded the gleaming linen. "I'll try to keep busy, though, so I won't git so lonesome. Come over, if yuh kin."

"Yuh bet I will!" cried Reuben, eagerly, as she disappeared within.

He repeated the words to himself several times, still looking longingly at the diminutive habitation wherein she had entered, hoping, doubtless, to catch another glimpse of her. Then he continued, musingly:

"Ef Mate hain't a purty gal, none ever lived. She's jest as sweet as a peach, an' I-hain't goin' t' make a fool of myself no longer! Thar's no use a-waitin' an' waitin' t' tell her. 'Tain't nothin' t' be 'shamed of ef a feller loves a gal. He kint help lovin' her! It's only man's nater t' fall in love, an' I'm goin' t' tell Mate jest how I feel. Thet's whut I will! I'll tell her this very day thet she's more t' me'n anybuddy livin'; an' ef I git th' mitten I won't kick. I won't be the first feller that got left. I'll—"

The sudden rustling of a red squirrel among the leaves of an alder, bore so close a resemblance to the sound of approaching footsteps that Reuben was perceptibly startled and his face colored violently as he abruptly terminated his meditations. On seeing the cause of the disturbance watching him with a merry twinkle in its keen, ebon eyes, he shook his fist at it good-naturedly and said:

"Yuh little rascal! Yuh bin a-listenin', hain't yuh? Well, go tell her, ef yuh want. I wish yuh would!"

Then he resumed his labors at the woodpile, while the squirrel ran away chattering loudly. As the white chips flew from Reuben's flashing ax-blade, the play of his expanded muscles beneath a tightly-fitting knit undershirt showed him to be the possessor of great physical power—a type of manhood well adapted to clearing the heavily-timbered lands of Northwestern Washington. He was by no means a handsome young man, but his rugged, sun-browned face bespoke an honest endeavor to do what was right, so far as he knew, and there was a roguish gleam lurking in the depths of his clear, blue eyes.

"Whut a ijit I used t' make o' myself!" said

Reuben, reflectively, rolling some tobacco in his rough palm and glancing across the river at the home of his beloved. "Jest talked like I'd never marry, 'n' made fellers so mad with my tomfoolery. Well, I thought shore I'd never see a gal I'd hev. I was honest enough; but, oh, my! ef they could see me now—them Kansas chums o' mine, they'd hev th' laff on me! It's lucky old Seth has gone t' th' Agency. I'll make hay while th' sun shines. This is the first time I've had a show t' speak to her when he wazn't snoopin' 'round somewheres. He watches her like a hawk does a chicken—'fraid I'll run off with her, I reckon. It beats all whut a crank an' old man kin make o' hisself! Ef he thinks fer one minute"—blowing through the blackened stem of a cob pipe—thet he's goin' to keep his gran'darter, perty gal as she is, from havin' a beau, he'll git mightily fooled! Lum Skonsin's dead gone on her an' so's Chess Walker, an' I'll be hanged ef I let 'em git ahead o' me cuz I'm 'feered o' old Seth! Mate's old 'nough t' know her own mind an' do as she wants. She hain't a kid, 'n' I'll tell him so, too!"

Although Miss Colby was accustomed to seeing Reuben in the rough garb of a ranchman, on this particular day he attired himself in his best—a suit of brown tweed, considerably worn, yet in this rural region giving the wearer the appearance of being dressed richly. At least, such was Mate's impression as she turned from arranging the papers on the cupboard shelves and beheld him standing in the low doorway quietly watching her.

"When did yuh come?" she asked with flushing cheeks, as she brushed an unruly lock into place. "Yuh scared me so I—"

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared the young man, giving his leg a loud slap with his open hand. "I bin a standin' hyur this long time. Thet was a purty song yuh was a singin'. I hed a big notion t' holler, an' see yuh jump."

"Ef yuh had, I'd died shore. Set down," she said, motioning to a small, home-made bench. "Thet's all th' cheer we got; sorry I kint offer yuh a more stylish one."

"Don't talk o' sich things as style 'way up hyur in these big woods," he replied, giving his white hat a toss into the corner of the room. He flung himself upon the rudely-constructed seat and strove hard to conceal his visible nervousness.

The cabin was small and the furniture meager; yet, despite its plainness, there was that about it which betrayed the unmistakable signs of feminine industry. The bright sunshine falling through the one window lay upon the rough, uneven floor at Reuben's feet like a magic mat of gold. Through the open door the soft, summer breeze stole in, filled with the breath of spruce and hemlock, and the rich, warm odors of the primeval forest. It was like paradise to the young man, as he sat listening to the low murmur of the river without, and watching Mate's little figure moving to and fro within the little room. She wore a dress of blue print, somewhat faded from the many washings it had received, but withal neat and tidy. A belt, fastened with a large, bright buckle, en-

circled her slender waist. Her glossy brown hair, brushed straight back from a pretty forehead, was braided and tied with a pale-pink ribbon. There was a decided dimple in her rounded chin, and a child-like pout to her winsome, rose-red mouth.

"Air yuh gittin' tired o'livin' in th' woods 'mong bears an' Injuns?" Reuben asked, at length, hoping to bring about a point in the conversation where, without seeming too abrupt, he could broach the subject nearest his heart.

"Nope. I like th' big woods ever so much. I was raised in 'em in Michigan, ye know, an' they allus seem so dear t' me," she replied, a touch of melancholy in her voice; "but, of course, I do git tired of seein' nothin' but the four walls of this cabin an' th' little clearin'." Then, after a moment's silence, "I s'pose they hed a nice time down t' th' dance t'other night?"

"Lum Skonsin said they hed a tol'able good turnout. A good many of the Queets River folks came over;—old man George's family an' Bill Welkins an' his wife 'n' sister-in-law. Lum took Sade Bradley, I heered. They 'pear t' be gittin' sorter thick lately. They hed a fallin' out right after Mis' Dunlow's dance. He got jellus of Chris Walker, so they say. Chris is given t' runnin' on Lum an' teasin' him."

"An' didn't yew go t' th' dance?" asked the girl, glancing at him shyly.

"Nope; I didn't keer to. My gal wouldn't go, an' so I give it up too;—didn't want t' take eny other."

"Oh, pshaw! Jest cuz gran'paw-wouldn't let me go it's no reason yew couldn't a gone an' hed a good time. I don't s'pose he'll ever let me. He's so childish, er somethin'. He don't want me out of his sight—says he don't believe in girls goin' t' dances an' th' like. He gits so cross, when I tell him all th' young folks goes. It hain't thet he's got anything agin yew, Reub. He's allus bin thet way—jest so sober an' quiet."

She was brushing the ashes from the stove-hearth with a well-worn grouse's wing, and did not see the expression of pity that swept across Reuben's face as she ceased speaking.

"Mate, I reckon I know what's th' matter with yer gran'dad," he said, with a knowing smile.

"I wish I did," she said, turning toward him.

"He's skeered thet some o' th' fellers might make love to ye, I reckon," laughed the young man, bending forward and resting his elbows on his knees.

Mate's cheek grew crimson.

"Reub, hain't yuh real mean t' make fun of me!" she answered, with mock impatience. "Nobuddy 'd think of sich a thing as makin' love t' me. Th' very idee!"

"Yes, they would, Mate. Don't yuh know thet I love ye? Yes, I do, Mate. I love yuh better 'n my life, an' thet's whut I come over t' tell ye this mornin'."

He arose, as he uttered the words, and, advancing toward the girl, laid his rough hand tenderly upon her arm and looked into her face, which alternately paled and reddened.

"Reub, yer—yer jest a jokin'," she faltered, her eyes scanning the irregular shake floor.

"Nary a joke. I'm in dead earnest. I've loved yuh sence th' day I first sot eyes on ye; an' I want ye—want ye t' be my wife. Won't yuh, Mate?" he asked, huskily.

She made no answer, nor did she take her gaze from the floor. Her chin quivered. Suddenly she hid her face between her hands and, turning, leaned against Reuben's breast. He pressed his lips reverently to the soft, smooth head, and stroked it with his hardened palm. After a brief silence, broken only by the heavy beating of the young man's heart and the half-

smothered sobs of Miss Colby, she lifted her tear-dimmed eyes to him and said, smiling:

"Hain't yuh shamed t' make me cry!"

"Oh, yuh do love me, don't yuh, leetle gal?" he cried rapturously, kissing the upturned mouth; "an' yuh'll be mine—all mine, t' love allus!"

"Yes, Reuben—ef—I—kin," she whispered.

"Ef yuh kin?" he repeated, in apparent surprise; who'd say yuh couldn't?"

"Gran'paw," she ventured.

"Oh, gran'paw be hanged! Ef he——"

The sound of a footstep brought the sentence to an abrupt termination. The room darkened suddenly. Reuben wheeled about. In the doorway stood old Seth Colby. The sight of this familiar figure, which the lovers had thought miles away trudging along the Pacific beach toward the Quinault Indian Agency, was a keen surprise to them—more than a surprise to Mate, who gave a sharp "Oh!" and shrank back a pace.

"Yuh come jest in time t' ketch us sparkin', Mr. Colby," said Reuben, awkwardly, and making a desperate attempt to force a laugh.

An ugly gleam shot from the small, grayish eyes beneath the old man's shaggy brows. His lips tightened over his toothless gums, and the lean, bony fingers, clenching a heavy maple staff, whitened at the ends.

"Ketch ye? Ketch ye? I shud think I did; an' ef I ever ketch ye in my home agin, Reuben Harwood, it'll be a sorry day fer ye! I never knowed ye wuz a sneak afore; an' t' think ye'd come hyur when I wuz gone an' try t' steal all I've got—coaxin' her t' leave me! Now go, 'fore I give ye whut ye deserve," he said, in a shaking voice, and advancing toward the young man menacingly.

"W'y, Mr. Colby, th' hain't no need a gittin' mad. Mate an' me love each other—thet's all, an' I wuzn't tryin' t' steal her from ye. I intended t' ask yuh fer her," returned Harwood, kindly.

"Young man, I'd as leave cut off my right arm an' give it to ye as thet air gal! Understan' me?—my right arm, sir!" cried the old man, fiercely. Then, in a less elevated tone:

"When my son died and left his child t' my keer, I vowed nobuddy ud git thet leetle one from me, an' I've watched over her an' keered fer her nigh onto twelve year now, an' loved her like my own; an' I tell ye, sir, I'd ruther die 'n give her up! I mean it—ev'ry word, sir, an' ye know how t' keery yerself in th' future. Don't ye dast speak to her ner darken my door agin!"

Mr. Colby's spare frame shook with agitation. Mate stood with apron pressed to her eyes, weeping heart-brokenly. Reuben, almost dazed at this sudden onslaught, regarded the jealous grandparent with an expression similar to that a mother gives an ill-tempered child.

"I wouldn't make a damn fool o' myself, Mr. Colby," he said, feeling a touch of anger. "Yuh don't a-reckon Mate's goin' t' be an old maid, jest t' please yew, do yuh?"

"Ol' maid! Ol' maid!" almost shrieked the enraged Seth; "she's nothin' but a child, ye—ye young whelp! Git offen my premises t' onct. Go! I say."

He began brandishing his heavy staff in a threatening manner.

"I hain't used t' bein' talked to like this, Mr. Colby, an' it goes agin' th' grain. I'll go when I darned best please," retorted Harwood, with decided emphasis.

"Yes; do go, Reub, fur my sake!" said Mate, in a tone of mingled fear and anguish as she laid her hand entreatingly upon his brawny arm. "Please do, Reub. It'll save trouble, yuh know."

"All right, Mate. I wouldn't row with an



"Oh, gran'paw be hanged!"

old man like yer gran'dad. Sorry he's got on his ear," returned Reuben, picking up his hat.

"But yuh'll git over it—won't yuh, Mr. Colby?"

His only reply was an angry snarl.

"Yes; yuh'll think better o' me some day," he resumed, fumbling with his head gear.

"Well, good-bye, Mate!"

"Good-bye," was the faint response as Reuben strode from the cabin, leaving Miss Colby in tears, and Seth muttering threats of vengeance against the young man who had dared make love to his idolized grandchild.

"T' think, t' think," he sputtered, fastening his angry eyes upon the girl, "thet ye'd let thet young scapegoat put his arm 'round ye! I don't wonder ye cry. The likes o' a gal—t' 'low sich scan'lous carryin's on! Whut dye s'pose yer pore mother ud say, ef she knowed it?"

This reference to her departed parent invoked a flood of tears from the shame-faced granddaughter.

"Th' young scamp! Let me ketch him hyur agin! I'll show him! I'll—Don't ye ever so much as look at him—th' houn'! I reckon ef I hedn't forgot my purse I wouldn't knowed nothin' o' this; but, thank God! I did fergit it." And then the wrathful old man began walking about the room, shaking his gray head and mumbling incoherently. Mate had never before seen him in such a temper. In all the years he had been her guardian, not until now had he spoken a really angry word to her. True, he was irritable at times, but only when his rheumatism was troubling him or when she teased him for his consent to attend a dance or party. She had always known that he loved

her with a selfish love—which she did not wonder at, because she was the only one on earth for him to cling to and she could see, as the days crept by, that around her his affections became more and more firmly entwined.

She did not feel hard toward her grandfather for his bitter words to her lover. They only increased the dull aching of her heart. She knew, in all reason, that Seth would ever be firm in his opposition to her marrying anyone, no matter how worthy he might prove himself. Now that she was no longer a child, the restrictions placed upon her by Mr. Colby could not fail to make her lot more lonely than heretofore. The occasional gatherings of the young people who lived along the river, and their evenings of merry-making, were never enjoyed by her. A childish old man, exacting to the utmost degree, was her sole company, and his word was her law.

Today she realized this fact more clearly than ever before. She was so miserable, as she sat by the little window with her face buried in her hands! The river mocked her with its joyous babbling. She heard Seth chopping on a log a short distance from the cabin, and wondered if he had grown more amiable toward her? What was life to her, anyway? Was the love she bore Reuben Harwood to be thus cast aside as an evil thing? Would she go on silently, uncomplainingly following the dictates of her grandparent, or—

"I swan t' goodness ef 't don't beat all—th' way this ax comes offen th' handle!" said Mr. Colby, entering the doorway. Then, observing the girl's red, swollen eyes, he added, soothingly:



"N' I'll hev Reub he'p me back."

"Petty, dear! yer gran'pappy didn't mean t' scold ye. Don't cry, now. Dry yer eyes, honey. I reckon I was a leetle hasty; but let us fergit it. Won't we hev th' nicest little hum hyur, though? I've jest been a-thinkin' 'bout how I'll fix things up. I'm goin' t' ceil th' cabin an' build on a kitchen an' spade up a place fer yer pansies an' roses, an' fence in th' paster lot an' make 't so cozy 'round hyur ye won't know th' place! I calc'lated t' hev got at it last week. We'll hev a home yit thet ye'll be proud of, petty,—deed ye will; an' it's all your'n, tew! I tell ye thet's somethin' t' think on. 'Tain't many gals o' eighteen thet kin say they own a hundred 'n' sixty acres o' land—timberland, tew! When th' railroad comes through hyur from Gray's Harbor—an' it won't be long in comin', fer this kentry is settlin' up astonishin'—it'll bring land up amazin'. We'll hev mills in hyur, then, cutting up our spruce, an' plants fer extractin' th' tanic acid outen th' hemlock bark, an' lots o' things goin' on. Then ye'll be wuth somethin'. An' I'll fix it all up nice fer ye. Tomorry"—striking the end of the ax handle with a stick of wood—"tomorry I'll git th' cow an' calf; an' them's your'n, tew. Won't thet please ye, petty, dear?"

Mate simply nodded her head. She could not speak, for the awful ache in her throat. Her dark eyes were turned to the great, green forest and the bright river winding through it like a silver serpent.

"Oh, yer gran'pappy'll make a cozy home fer ye—a reg'lar Eden, right hyur on the Nechogwitchen," added Seth, after a momentary silence; "an' 't won't takel long t' do't, nuther. A month 'll make a big showin'—a mighty big showin'!"—The last was said more to himself than to Mate, who had heard his bright dreams of the future and his various plans repeated day after day, until they had grown as familiar

to her ears as the winds' whisperings in the tree tops. The golden shore of wealth had always been just ahead of him. A little hard-pulling, and his feet would be planted firmly upon it. It was with this idea that he sold his few possessions and, coming West, joined the colony that, four years ago, entered the dense spruce forest of Jefferson County, in the State of Washington, and took homesteads for themselves along the Queets and Nechogwitchen rivers. No member of that adventurous band was more enthusiastic over the country than Mr. Colby. He saw a fortune awaiting all who had entered there. The land would not be hard to clear, although the trees were numerous and of massive proportions. "A good ax and plenty of 'elbow grease" was, in his opinion, all that was required to transform the wilderness into rich farms and comfortable homes. Little did he then realize the labor of hewing out a farm in those mighty woods; but after two years had elapsed and a rude, unfinished cabin, set in a small clearing, constituted his achievements in this direction, he was not so sanguine over possessing a full-fledged ranch and abundant riches in the time he had allotted. Of course, these possessions were to be Mate's some day—in the advent of a proposed railroad, that would surely bring a demand for his wonderful timber and hemlock-bark. His hopes were constantly buoyed up by childish schemes and visions. Consequently, Mate paid no heed to them.

The month in which he had planned to make the various improvements he had so long promised her, passed away and saw comparatively nothing accomplished—though Seth was by no means to blame. "Something always happens," thought the despondent granddaughter, "to keep us from having anything fixed up." The "something" on which her mind dwelt was a

severe attack of rheumatism, which had placed Mr. Colby upon his bed shortly after his return from the Agency, where he had purchased the long-talked-of cow, and overtaken his strength in bringing her home.

"I'm worse'n a baby t' keer fer, hain't I, petty, dear?" he would say to Mate as she came with a hot flannel for his paining shoulder. "It's too bad t' bother ye so, but I'll be all right in a few days. I never hed th' rheumatiz hang onto me like this afore."

"Don't worry, gran'paw," Mate usually replied, in her quiet, patient way; "it hain't no bother."

With Seth to nurse, the cow to care for and the garden to tend, beside her household duties, she was kept very busy; and, when she might have had a few minutes to herself, her grandfather invariably requested her to sit by his bed and read to him from the little, old-fashioned Bible, which had been left him by his mother and which he treasured next to his grandchild.

Though her every moment was fully occupied, the hours passed slowly for the girl. She had not spoken to Reuben Harwood since the day she bade him good-bye—that sweet, bitter day that was so clearly defined in her memory. She had seen him toiling away across the river, and once he threw a kiss at her as she stood in the cabin door. In those long, unhappy days—doubly unhappy now that a gleam of joy had entered her existence, she sometimes wished that her sun-browned lover would come to her as did the heroes in the sensational novels she had read, and bid her fly with him on a fiery, black steed. Of course, in such a wilderness he could not carry her away in the usual romantic manner; but there was the river, and Reuben had a good canoe which would safely transport them to the mouth of the river, where stretched the broad sand-beach of the Pacific.

Then came the thought of her grandfather, alone and ill, and these visions faded away. As for Mr. Harwood, he would have carried her away gladly in his great, strong arms had he once thought her willing to go and that necessity required such an extreme measure. But he was firmly convinced that Mate would remain obedient to her grandparent's will as long as he should live, and he was at a loss to know how to win the old man's esteem. Nevertheless, he was hopeful.

The fires of autumn began to burn in the woods along the Nechogwitchen. The great peaks of the Olympic Range were lost in purple haze. The river sang more softly, and upon its sparkling breast the yellow leaves dropped, one by one, and were swept down to the sobbing Pacific seas. Clusters of luscious berries shone like drops of molten gold in the dim, marshy places, and now and then a timid wind stole softly through the deep forest and waved the long festoons of gray moss that hung from the strong, rugged limbs. The fall run of salmon had begun, and up and down the Nechogwitchen went canoe-loads of Indians in quest of these silvery beauties. At times an elk thrust his sharp antlers through the evergreens and peered out at the quaint abode of some hardy ranchman.

The year was hastening to its close; and as Seth Colby looked out at the almost leafless trees, he felt, for the first time, that the autumn of his life was also passing rapidly away and that winter and death would soon be upon him. His days of work were over. He never could labor again. What was Mate to do? The question startled him. He was growing weaker day by day. He could not provide for her, and how was a girl to support herself in that wilderness—let alone taking care of an infirm old man? She could not do it. That was impos-

sible. What were they coming to? Starvation? The thought, horrible though it was, might yet become a reality. They could not long subsist upon the charity of others. He had awakened to a sudden realization of their lamentable position, and the awakening, in his weakened condition, sent a thrill of horror to his aged heart. Why had he never considered the day—the day which, alas! had come so soon—when he would be unable to care for his beloved one; when he would be a trembling, helpless man?

He turned his watery eyes upon Mate, who sat sewing a patch on his best coat. How thin and pale her face had grown! He had not observed the change before. How patient she was! How uncomplainingly she had waited upon him and humored his every whim! Then to think of her suffering the pangs of hunger!

"Petty, dear," he said, staggering to his feet, "where dye put gran'pappy's staff? I don't see it nowheres."

"I hung it up back of th' door. What dye want of it? Yuh musn't try t' go out till yuh git better. Yuh'll make yerself worse, shore," replied the girl.

"No; I feel tol'able strong today—better'n I hev fer a month er more. A little walk'll do me good—gimme strength in my laigs. Quar how weak a body gits, hain't it? Now, ef ye'll give me my walkin' stick, I'll—"

"But yuh'll promise me yuh won't go fur, will yuh, gran'paw?" said Mate, rising and reaching for the maple staff, which he clutched with shaking hand.

"I hain't goin' fur, petty. I 'low I kin walk th' foot-log cross t' Reub's, ef I'm keerful. Don't yew?"

He smiled as he said the words.

"I 'low yuh kin, gran'paw," said Miss Colby, chokingly, as the color flamed into her cheeks.

"N I'll hev Reub he'p me back," he added, turning to go.

THE SKYKOMISH RIVER.

O crystal rolling river
That flows at the mountain's base!
O voice of the past and forever
That sings in thy rapid pace!

What songs are thy rapids singing?
What whispers thy eddies sound?
What message thy ripples bring—
Onward and seaward bound?

"I sing of snows on mountains tall,
That melt in noonday's sun;
I sing of the tumbling waterfall—
I embrace it as I run.

"I sing the air that is beaten
On strings of a forest lyre;
I sing and I whisper a greeting
At base of a mountain spire.

"I sing as I kiss the boulder
That adorns my path along;
I sing, and I grow no older
For the efforts of my song.

"I sing through the great forever.
Working, I sing along;
And the voice I am singing
Is a note to the human throng."

"I sing as I grasp the sunbeams—
Sparkling they flutter and rest;
The glittering golden day-gleams
Rest brightly upon my breast.

"Down in the rocky passes
Where sunbeams never shine,
I sing the changeless symphony—
The sweet-tuned song of time."

O voice of the rolling river
That flows at the mountain's base!
O voice of the past and forever
That sings in thy rapid pace!

I grasp the song thou art singing—
Take lightly life's many cares;
I will take up the load time is bringing,
And march to the river ains.

WM. H. NEALON.

Written for *The Northwest Magazine*.

CAMPBELL'S METHOD OF SOIL CULTURE.

To make two blades occupy the place of one, represents in brief the H. W. Campbell improved soil-culture method which the Stutsman County delegation of farmers inspected with much interest and pleasure at Lisbon recently. The simplicity of the plan, says the Jamestown (N. D.) *Alert*, the results accomplished and the possibilities presented, impressed deeply each member of the party. The manner and cost of operation were investigated, the soil turned up to show the moisture present, and the growing crops were seen and samples carried away that others might see what intelligent labor can produce.

At the Soldiers' Home, Colonel McIlvaine has a variety of crops which need to be seen in order to appreciate this system of cultivation, which consists of packing the soil and of frequent shallow cultivations. Cultivation is begun as soon as the grain is up sufficiently to see the rows, and it follows at least once each week thereafter; and as soon after all rains as the ground can be worked, to conserve all the moisture. The ground is cultivated one and one-half to two inches deep, the aim being to keep the surface soft, mellow, and covered with a blanket of dust so that evaporation of moisture will be retarded and prevented. The cultivator used for this purpose is of very high draft and any team will easily cultivate twenty-five acres in a day of ten hours. The cost of cultivation—six times—for the entire season, it has been estimated, will not exceed fifty cents an acre.

The barley-field was first visited. There the grain stood thick, sturdy, and as even as though planted close together under the old method. The heads were long and filled to the extreme tip with large, plump kernels. From seventy-five to ninety kernels—double the number in good barley—were found in heads picked at random. The yield of the field was variously estimated by a Barnes County party from thirty-five to seventy-five bushels per acre. Colonel McIlvaine said the field could not be bought for less than fifty bushels an acre. The manner of seeding, under the improved soil-culture method, is the reason for the divergence of estimates. The grain is drilled in rows sixteen inches apart—a single drill of grain as sowed by an ordinary grain-drill; then sixteen inches of bare soil, another drill of grain, sixteen inches more of unseeded soil, and so on. Two rows in each sweep of the drill, for the convenience of the team in cultivating, are placed eighteen inches apart. This seems a waste of soil, but, in the barley and oat-fields particularly, the rows were hardly discernible except when looking down them. In the wheat, with less foliage, the rows could be traced more easily, but were not noticeable. The grain is cultivated with a riding spring-tooth cultivator, three teeth to each row. The machine is half a rod wide and cultivates four sixteen-inch spaces and two eighteen-inch spaces at a time. Two sixteen-inch rows occur between each two eighteen-inch rows.

The barley-ground was planted to potatoes, last year, and allowed to grow up to weeds as high as a man's head. Their destruction and the preparation of the soil caused considerable trouble. The ground was dragged, rolled, disced, plowed, and the weeds were turned under six or seven inches of soil. The packer followed the plow, then came the drag and then the drill. But half a bushel of seed per acre was sown about the 20th or 25th of May. The grain was cultivated five or six times, the last time when the grain was half-headed out. But nine-tenths

of an inch of rain has fallen in the last six weeks, Colonel McIlvaine said.

Beside the barley was a field of yellow dent corn sixty-seven days old and standing much higher than a man's head. This was cultivated seven times. The leaves were broad, a deep, rich green and as luxuriant as could be. Next to this was a field of eight-row yellow flint corn that looked equally vigorous and flourishing. A few inches below the surface the earth was sufficiently moist to be pressed into a ball; while on the ground, under the ordinary culture, little or no moisture was apparent, and the earth seemed hot and dry. The soil is a deep, black loam, with a tendency toward gumbo, overlying a clay subsoil. The wheat, seeded May 6, half a bushel per acre, covered the ground and looked splendid. The heads were long, well filled, and much superior in every way to a field alongside that was cultivated in the ordinary manner. The stalks were stout and well stooled out. This field was cultivated but five times, to the ordinary depth.

Rice pop-corn and sweet corn in the garden looked unusually luxuriant and rank, as, indeed, did everything else in the garden. Besides the ordinary vegetables there were peanuts, ground-cherries, parsley, salsify, parsnips, sugar beets, sweet potatoes, cauliflower, squash, watermelons, Spanish sunflowers, and two varieties of wheat which are being experimented with,—Russian club, and a Washington wheat,—each soft varieties, and all under the new system of cultivation. The garden is in the pink of perfection and shows up well, although some of the vegetables were planted a second time, insects having destroyed the first planting.

After the inspection a committee of practical farmers expressed the opinion that the Campbell method of cultivating the soil is singularly simple and full of common sense, because it is the result of the study of nature, whose laws are simplicity itself when examined. The committee says: "From the result obtained by Colonel McIlvaine in the barley, corn, potatoes, oats, wheat and garden products, we do most unhesitatingly recommend the adoption of the Campbell method to the farmers of North Dakota, and will ourselves prepare and set the example next season on our own farms, so far as circumstances will permit; because we see in it a saving of labor and increase of crops, two items which are a constant study by the farmer. We consider that the managers of the Soldiers' Home conferred a great benefit on the State when they accepted the proposal made to them and authorized the superintendent of the Home to work the farm. And we consider that the Northern Pacific Railway and the Soo line deserve, and should receive, the thanks of the people of North Dakota for the enterprise, and foresight, and for the sagacious liberality, shown by them in establishing, as they have, these experimental stations along their lines. They have all been, and will be in the future, object lessons of inestimable value to the people of North Dakota. This action by the railroads has demonstrated that the management regards the interests of their property as dependent entirely on the prosperity of the farming interests of the State."

A UNIQUE WAGON.—One of the most unique home-made wagons that was ever seen in this country, made its appearance on the streets of a town in Washington recently. The entire wagon was made from one tree. Wheels four inches thick, sawed from a log which was two and one-half feet through, made a solid running gear. The wagon is about eight feet long, has all the usual gearing, and, although rough-hewn, it is not as ugly-looking as some factory-built vehicles.



Wheat-Yields in Idaho.

All reports from Latah County, Idaho, in the Big Potlatch District, speak of large wheat and corn crops and high hopes among the farmers of that region. The average yield will hardly fall short of thirty-five bushels per acre. Present quotations there are considerably higher than prices were at the opening of the season last year.

Oil in Ontario.

The *Winnipeg Free Press* says that the oil fever is reaching the height of excitement at Bothwell, Ont. The town is full of strangers who are desirous of securing lands to operate. Property is going up every day. One farm was sold recently for \$4,000, which was offered two years ago for \$800. All the wells are pumping large quantities of oil, and many new ones are under way.

A Better Salmon Year.

The British Columbia salmon pack this year will reach 600,000 cases and represent a value of \$3,000,000. The northern pack is 67,000 cases better than that of last year and worth \$350,000 more, and the good run in the Fraser promises to make an excellent southern pack probable. There is also a good run of sturgeon on the same river, and consignments are daily made to Southern and Eastern points.

A Practical Farmers' Society.

A number of farmers living near Lake Stevens, Wash., have organized a society called the Lake Stevens Mutual Benefit Society. The society is organized for practical co-operation, and thus far has been a great success. Each member is assessed an equal amount and has the use of the community property, which at present consists of a stump-puller, fruit-sprayer, some full-blooded Jersey stock, and several improved farming implements. It is the intention of the society to erect a fruit-drier at the lake in time for this season's crop of prunes, which will be a large one.

An Ideal Town.

A new town has just been established on Lewiston flats, just opposite the city of Lewiston, Idaho, on the Snake River. It is founded by the Lewiston Water and Power Company, and has been planned for an ideal city. It will bear the name of Lewiston, Washington. A rigid restriction against saloons enters into the sale of lots. The streets derive their names from the trees planted along them. A fire limit has been established and street grades fixed. On the best residence streets all houses must be a fixed distance from the streets. We predict a beautiful city in the future.—*Pullman (Wash.) Tribune*.

A Fine Field of Wheat.

As an evidence of what careful summer fallowing will produce, an examination of the 350-acre field of wheat growing on the Bank of Garfield tract in Whitman County, commonly known as the "Coyote Smith" place, will satisfy the most skeptical. This entire field stands

shoulder high, very thick and well headed. The variety is the Oregon white winter wheat, and it promises to be one of the best for this section, as it stands the winter and dry weather without injury. This entire tract is estimated to average sixty bushels per acre.—*Garfield (Wash.) Enterprise*.

Fruit Culture in Montana.

The *Helena Independent* says that Alfred Cave's orchard, near Missoula, Mont., is a thing of beauty and living evidence of the adaptability of the soil and climate to the successful culture of all the hardy varieties of fruit. A hundred apple-trees are in bearing, embracing many varieties. There are also several varieties of Russian and Siberian crabs, cherries, plums, pears, and gooseberries and currants. It is now twenty years since the first trees were planted. Some of them are fully twelve inches in diameter and have branches more than twenty feet in length. Some of the apple and plum-trees are bearing several varieties of fruit.

A Large Prune-Drier.

C. P. Wilcox, of North Yakima, Wash., is building a new prune-drier. The stone furnace-room is fifty-six feet long, eighteen feet wide, twelve feet high, contains six fire-brick furnaces each eight feet long, and over three tons of heavy steel pipe thirteen to seventeen inches in diameter, or about 2,500 feet of radiating surface. The evaporator will carry 100,000 pounds of prunes at one time, and it is planned to get a batch through in forty-eight hours, or at the rate of 50,000 pounds per day. As it is probable that many prunes will be shipped East fresh, the drier will not be finished until another season.

Great Artesian Wells.

Probably the most valuable artesian well in the United States is that at Chamberlain, in Brule County, South Dakota. It is 675 feet in depth and spouts about 4,400 gallons per minute at a pressure of 110 pounds per square inch. The temperature of the water is seventy-five to eighty degrees, and the immense jet is thrown through an eight-inch pipe to a height of twelve and one-half feet above the mouth of the well. If forced to pass through a two and one-fourth-inch nozzle, the water shoots up to a height of 162 feet. This well furnishes about 100 horse-power with only a part of the water, and with this power the town is lighted with electricity by means of 500 lights, and the capacity of the well is only partially utilized. This well is but one of many, and the county, which, before the discovery of the artesian belt, was semi-arid, is now one of the best irrigated districts in the West.

Irrigating by the Pump System.

Referring to a fine South Dakota farm owned by Mr. Kerr, whose land lies adjacent to the Jim River Valley and is in good position to be irrigated by means of the pump system, the Mitchell (S. D.) *Republican* says:

"The system employed for raising the water is by means of a pump which is erected over the river near the bank. The pump consists of a box twenty-two feet long, nearly three feet square, and is set in the river about three feet. In the bottom of the box is a wheel that has 500 revolutions a minute, which drives the water up to another wheel half-way up the box, the second wheel performing the same function as the first by pushing the water out of the box into the long trough and thence into the main ditch. The capacity of the pump is 150,000 gallons an hour, but by reducing its length, it turned out over 200,000 gallons per hour. This is a greater water producer than any two artesian wells in the State. The pump is very simple

in construction and is driven with a sixteen horse-power engine. Mr. Kerr and his partner, F. L. Rowley, are satisfied that they can irrigate over 1,000 acres with comparative ease and at little cost.

Off for North Dakota.

Of late North Dakota seems to claim the attention of a great many people, especially of the farming class, who are casting about for a place to make a home. Last spring a big colony went from this section to that country, and recently another party started that way. Nathaniel E. Miller, of this place, went with a colony that left here last March for North Dakota. He returned about the first of July and has since been reciting the beauties of the North, with the result that he started back, lately, accompanied by a large following of good people from this section. Most of them go to see the country only, with no present intention of locating. A party of eight from Laketown will follow in a few days. They go by way of Chicago and St. Paul.—*North Manchester (Ind.) Journal*.

Fruit Possibilities in Washington.

Last year the State of Washington produced prunes and plums estimated at 16,000,000 pounds, and 20,000 crates of berries were shipped to Idaho, Montana, British Columbia, Colorado, Michigan, Massachusetts, New York, North and South Dakota, Missouri, Illinois, and Minnesota. There were shipped from the State, by rail, over 5,700,000 pounds of green fruit, including apples, pears, plums, melons, prunes, gooseberries, grapes, cherries, etc. As the years go by and the fruit culturists of Washington grow more familiar with scientific fruit methods, that State will become one of the heaviest producers of luscious fruits in the Union and find ample reward in the enriching millions that will be paid in exchange for her products. What is being done there now in fruit-growing lines, is as naught when compared to Washington's grand capabilities.

A Great Demand for Montana Lands.

Some interesting particulars are gathered from the annual report of the register of the U. S. Land Office at Helena, Mont., for that district. The following statistics, taken from the *Neihart Miner*, show a large increase in business over that done by the office for the previous year, and cover the fiscal year ending June 30. Most of the land taken was through homestead entry, though there was also a good deal of mineral land patented to the owners. The figures given show the amount disposed of in the different counties in the district which are reached by the Northern Pacific Railway:

Counties.	Acres.
Beaverhead	4,000
Deer Lodge	3,000
Granite	1,040
Jefferson	150
Lewis and Clarke.....	7,550
Madison.....	3,000
Meagher.....	7,600
Park	360
Silver Bow.....	950
Sweet Grass.....	840

These lands are in Montana's most productive regions and are certain to increase in value rapidly. There were large demands for lands in Cascade, Choteau and Teton counties, also, the transfers amounting to thousands of acres. Altogether, a grand total of 131,670 acres of land was disposed of during the year.

Fruit in the Pacific Northwest.

The *Northwest Horticulturist* says that fruit-growers east of the Cascade Mountains in the Pacific Northwest are gathering bountiful fruit-crops this year, which are being sold at

good prices. The fruit trees west of this range are having a year of rest from the score or more years of continuous bearing. This shortage on the west side causes an increased home market for the fruits of the irrigated districts. Yakima County is reported to have a full average crop, and other fruit sections along the Columbia, in both Washington and Oregon, contain nearly full crops. Along Snake River and at Walla Walla the yield is large in nearly all the leading varieties. The interior markets are good, and if the fruit is carefully picked and properly assorted and packed, the orchards will pay handsome returns.

The berry-growers of the Puyallup Valley have been expressing 300 to 500 crates (twenty-four pounds each) of red raspberries daily to Eastern Washington, Montana and the Dakotas. The prices average better than last year, and the demand has been excellent. According to present indications, most of the prune and peach-crops will be marketed fresh.

Dawning of a New Industry.

The Oregon *Agriculturist* recently made some exhaustive statements concerning the mohair industry in this and other countries. It says that there are enough factories in the United States to consume ten times the quantity of native mohair produced, and that a number of these factories have a decided preference for the domestic article. Mohair is a product of Angora goats and, if we are not mistaken, of the Cashmere goat as well. Within the past twenty years considerable quantities of it have been produced in this country, and, although there is abundant room for expansion, the industry bids fair to attain a growth that will suffice to meet the rather moderate American demand for mohair. The following letter from C. P. Bailey of San Jose, Cal., to the editor of the *Agriculturist*, will show that Oregon is regarded as one of the most promising mohair States in the Union. Mr. Bailey, who is a dealer, says:

"I think Oregon alone produces 100,000 pounds of mohair per year. I have shipped 45,000 pounds this year. Of course, there is a good deal of very poor stuff, but there is also some first-class hair, just as good as the best Turkish hair. The best Oregon hair is always in demand, and has a finer luster than most Turkish hair. My best hair has brought from forty-three to forty-eight cents per pound this year. From one lot of 1,000 fleeces, I obtained 4,120 pounds, which sold for \$1,724.60, all grade mohair."

While the industry does not seem to be adapted to every latitude, the average prices realized per clip justify one in urging its greater development in all suitable localities. There appears to be no good reason why Angora goats should not thrive in Oregon and Southern Washington, if not in Idaho and Western Montana.

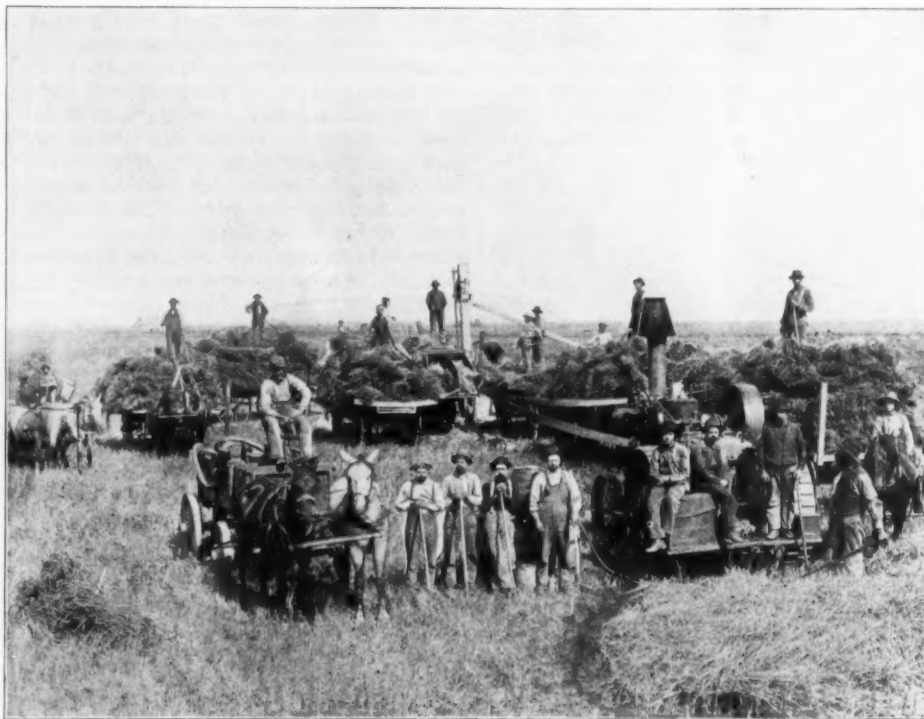
A Northern Minnesota Agricultural Movement.

Information comes from Duluth to the effect that there never has been any movement of an agricultural nature in that part of Minnesota that would compare with the one now under way on the Northern Pacific in the vicinity of Aitkin. In the spring of '95 the exodus to these lands from the cities, especially from Duluth and Superior, was large, but this year it is vastly larger. Hundreds are purchasing homes. The movement began three years ago, but at that time the lands were held much higher than now, and it was the custom to purchase the company's bonds and offer them at par for the land. When the action of the Legislature made it probable that, next year, the unoccupied railroad lands would be taxed, the com-

pany cut the price. This, by the way, is the best sort of argument for the claim that the existing system of taxation is hindering the development of the northern portion of the State. Lands lying within half a mile to five miles of the railroad can now be purchased for \$2 to \$3 per acre. Not poor land covered with stumps, that take years to remove, but land located on the most beautiful of lakes, ready for the most part for the plow, and with here and there beautiful groves of maple, birch, and other hardwoods.

The nationality of most of those going in is Scandinavian. It is a significant fact that not one of the settlers has gone to other pastures. Most of them are doing well. They raise nearly everything except wheat. In many instances settlers have cut enough wood, for ties and other things, off their property to pay the cost. A short distance from Deerwood, between 500 and 600 Scandinavians have taken up homes. A German settlement has been started northwest of Cedar Lake, between Deerwood and Aitkin. This year it is the intention to estab-

Root Valley. Other small fruits did well. Currants found a ready market. Butte, Helena, Anaconda and the Cœur d'Alene take about all the currants that are shipped from this section. Currants are almost an experiment yet. Only a few were sent out last year. The Bitter Root apple has a place in the market now that nothing else can fill. It has an individuality about it that secures it the best price in any market, be it in Montana or in New York. For two years, now, a few dozen boxes have been shipped to New York City, and the apples were recognized as superior. The Bitter Root apple-grower knows that he will be able to sell all his product. That is why the business is on the increase. I do not think there will be many, if any, more apples raised in our section this year than last, but it will not be many years until the output is many times larger than it now is. Farmers are putting out orchards, but it will be several years before those set out this year begin to bear to any considerable extent. Marcus Daly set out about 30,000 apple trees last spring on his orchard farm on the west side of the Bitter



AN ANIMATED HARVEST SCENE IN THE RED RIVER VALLEY, NORTH DAKOTA.

lish quite a colony of Germans. The country around Sand Lake, which is tributary to the Mississippi, and which has heretofore been known only to sportsmen, is beginning to attract the sturdy settler.

Many of the settlers come from Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri. In several instances a dozen families have come together. Invariably, those who come from the Southwest are delighted with the country and wonder how they could have missed it so long.

Bitter Root Valley Fruit.

The editor of the *Northwest-Tribune*, published at Stevensville, Montana, speaks of the famous Bitter Root Valley in that State as follows:

"The Bitter Root Valley is a true garden spot if there ever was one. Orchards, gardens and farms generally are in fine condition. There were large shipments of strawberries the past season; not an unusually large crop, but the berries were of superior quality, as they always are. It would be impossible to find finer strawberries anywhere than are grown in the Bitter

Root River, near Hamilton. Others have been doing the same thing on a smaller scale. The Bitter Root apple made its first appearance for the season of 1896 about the last of September. It will doubtless receive a hearty welcome, and it deserves it, for there is no better fruit grown. Helena and Butte are willing to pay a good price for the first that come. If more are raised than can be consumed in Montana, they will be sent to Eastern markets."

This fine fruit and agricultural country is reached via the Northern Pacific Railway. It is in Western Montana, bordering on Idaho. The soil and climate seem to be peculiarly adapted to fruit and cereals, and the entire section promises to become one of the richest and most productive in the Northwest. These fertile valleys—warm, sheltered, and in close proximity to large market points, may not yield returns that equal the vast mining outputs of the State, but they do emphasize the fact that there are thousands of broad acres in Montana upon which enterprising farmers and fruit-growers may gain a competence.

HEROIC FREE MASONS OF EARLY MONTANA.

The following interesting address on "The Heroic Free Masons of Early Montana" was delivered recently by Major W. S. Brackett before the assembled Masonic lodges of Peoria, Illinois. Although Major Brackett lives in Peoria, he owns considerable property in Montana, has a wide acquaintance with prominent men of the State and accurate knowledge of the commonwealth's rise and progress, and his address will no doubt become a part of Montana's written history. The major began his address by saying:

"From the shadowy and distant past there come to us many voices bearing impartial and truthful testimony concerning the noble deeds performed and the magnificent plans originated by our ancient order, and concerning the many wicked schemes of tyrants and base men overthrown by it in all lands and ages. From earliest times our ancient order has borne aloft its glorious banners emblazoned with those inspiring and sacred words, 'God, Liberty, and the Brotherhood of Man.' Tyrants, usurpers and the enslavers of man's spiritual freedom in every age have read those words in trembling, in fear and in hate. But the great army of Masons in every land, now constantly increasing in numbers and in power, is bearing those banners of light onward toward that glorious era of perfect freedom and justice for all men, to which the spirit of the age now swiftly, and now slowly but inevitably, leads us.

"The thrilling story of the Masons of early Montana has never been fully told. It is a story reflecting undying honor and glory upon this ancient fraternity. The deeds of King Richard of the Lion Heart and his knights of old, fighting to restore the Holy Sepulchre; the valor of the Templar Knights under the walls of Acre or beneath the towers of Askalon; or the achievements of the unconquerable Knights Hospitaller of St. John in Palestine, are equaled, if not surpassed, by a plain tale of the American hills, a chronicle of the Nineteenth Century,—the story of a beleaguered community of freemen in the Rocky Mountains, who, under the guidance of Masonry, were led out from a long night of great darkness into the light of a glorious redemption. Living under a reign of terror, they were brought into a State where law, order and peace became firmly established. The leaders in this redemption were the early Masons of Montana.

"The great discoveries of placer gold in what is now Southwestern Montana and Eastern Idaho, took place just as the Civil War broke out. Thousands of men, thrown out of employment by the war and thirsting for gold, hastened to the land of promise in those distant mountains. Crossing thirsty deserts and alkaline plains, fighting their way through hostile Indians, often lost in the rugged mountains, they made their way to these then distant northern mines. While there were thousands of honest men, there were equal numbers of the roughest and worse elements of the country. Thieves, gamblers, desperadoes and murderers came in hordes from the Pacific Coast. Bushwhackers came from Kansas. The border ruffians of Missouri, who had drank the blood of the Free-Soil men of Kansas, escaped from

the Civil War they had helped bring on and emigrated to the new mines of Bannack, Boise, and Alder Gulch. Here they could all carry on scoundrelism, because there was no government and no organized law. For nearly two years the reign of terror was complete. Murders, robberies and flagrant crimes of all kinds grew more and more frequent in all the mining-camps, and good men and true dared say nothing against it. The rule of the desperadoes was open, bold and defiant. No man dared lisp of the arrest and punishment of the criminals. The villains had their own way in all things. The ruffians were in organized and regular bands of highwaymen, having their rendezvous in various isolated places in the mountains. Incoming stages and wagon-trains were boldly held up and robbed in broad daylight. The chief of the robbers was a young man named Henry Plummer, a talented villain of gentlemanly deportment and great cunning. Every fortunate man who accumulated gold was marked as the prey, sooner or later, of the banditti. Those who had wrested fortune from the golden plains were dismayed to find they could not leave the Territory without being robbed and probably murdered.

This mining region was then so isolated and distant from civilization that we hardly realize it now. It was part of the territory of Dakota, and Yankton, the capital, was 2,220 miles distant. The nearest post-office was 400 miles away, and the nearest town where there were any officers of the law was Lewiston, Idaho, 700 miles away. Over one hundred innocent men were cruelly slain by the desperadoes, after being robbed of their gold. Many an anxious wife and mother in the East waited in vain for news from the husband and father toiling for gold in the gulches of distant Montana. "Why does he not write?" was the hourly and daily question sent up to heaven with her prayers. Alas for that wife—widowed long before she knew of the violent death of the father of her children! Alas for the helpless orphans—looking in vain for the return of their father, long since murdered by ruffians and highwaymen!

"Below some lonely mountain pine, through which the summer breeze sang a requiem, or in some dark canyon of that rugged land, the pitying angels of the Most High looked down upon the dismembered skeleton of that victim; and they looked down in pity upon the mutilated remains of scores of other victims—brutally slain and lying unburied in that dread wilderness. But above the whitening bones of the unheard dead the spirit of God moved at last, and the sovereign mandate issued from the throne of Divine justice: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay,' saith the Lord.

"The reign of villainy and murder was now about to terminate in the Northern mines. In a rude log cabin William H. Bell, a Mason, lay dying of mountain fever. He desired to be buried by his brother Masons according to Masonic rites. There was no lodge of Masons, nor any book or monitor of Masonry in the camps. The Masons had never as yet met in a body, but they resolved then and there to form a lodge in which good men and true might meet without the presence of the ruffian element.

Hon. N. P. Langford had been master of a lodge in Minnesota, and remembered the ritual. He presided at this, the first Masonic funeral in Montana.

"As that little company of Masons assembled about the open grave of Brother Bell, they thought of the many good and honest men who had been killed by ruffians in those lonely mountains. They thought of the many good men cruelly murdered in those dark valleys, whose bodies, now lying in the open, had received neither blessing nor burial; and they wondered, as they stood there, if they themselves would be the next victims marked out for slaughter. And the spirit of God moved across that rugged mountain-land, and filled the hearts of our brothers even as they stood about that open grave. It was in that ever memorable hour that Brother Langford, as a part of the burial service, read the first ten verses of the thirty-seventh chapter of the Prophet Ezekiel.

"The death of Brother Bell was a vicarious sacrifice. A new power arose in that beleaguered land. The little band of Masons dropped the symbolic evergreen into the grave of their brother, and the roughs and desperadoes stood around outside the circle silent and appalled at this demonstration of an organized body of honest men. All instinctively felt that Masonry was to be the corner-stone upon which the structure of law and order and good government was to be erected. The vision of the Prophet Ezekiel of old, whose name signifies the Strength of God, became that day a new prophecy in a new land; for, from the dark canyons of those mountains, where the dry bones of scores of murdered victims were lying, and symbolically up from the new-made grave of our brother, Bell, there 'arose and stood upon their feet an exceeding great army,' the avengers of outraged justice, even the vigilantes of Montana.

"Time forbids a detailed account of the daring work of those early Masons in forming the Vigilance Committee of Montana, which finally rescued the young Territory from ruffian rule. Prominent among the leaders were Hon. W. F. Sanders, afterwards United States Senator from Montana; Samuel T. Hauser, afterwards governor of the Territory; John X. Beidler, the brave United States Marshal of after years, and N. P. Langford, first superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. They were a tower of strength in evil times—as brave and true as the knights of old who upbore the cause of God's justice against the powers of evil. There was no organized government or law in that distant Territory, and they were obliged to improvise both. The rule of the vigilantes was satisfactory to all honest men, and brought peace and security to the people.

"The turning point in the struggle against the desperadoes was the trial and execution of George Ives, a leading lieutenant of Henry Plummer. Ives had committed a peculiarly atrocious murder, and the people were determined to avenge the tragedy. The newly-formed vigilantes arrested him and he was tried by a jury of miners in the open air, surrounded by over 2,000 heavily armed men, about one-half of whom belonged to the bands of ruffians. Colonel W. F. Sanders, an able lawyer, a brave man and a good Mason, acted as chief prosecutor. The trial lasted all day, and up to this time had been treated with scorn and derision by the assembled desperadoes. But all was changed when the jury came in with a verdict of 'guilty of murder in the first degree.' The scene was now a terribly impressive one, filled with tragic fury and epic force, perhaps some day to form the theme of some poem or great drama of American life. At any moment, judge,

jury, prosecutors and spectators might be shot down in an attempt to rescue the prisoner. No man felt sure that he knew the sentiments of his neighbor. When the verdict came in the ruffians sent up loud curses, howls of rage, and demands for an adjournment. The quick click of rifles and revolvers was heard in every direction. There was a lull in the proceedings. Where was the man equal to this great emergency in Montana's history?

"At this critical moment our noble brother, Wilbur F. Sanders, the chief prosecutor, stepped upon a box in full view of all, and, with hundreds of rifles pointed at him by the ruffians, raised his voice so that all might hear:

"Men," said he, "George Ives has had a fair trial by a jury of honest men, and they have found him guilty of murder. I move that he be now taken from here and hung by the neck until he is dead. All in favor of that motion will say aye."

"A great chorus of ayes went up from the crowd. Then Colonel Sanders put the negative, and a shout of nays arose almost equal to the ayes. And then the heroic Sanders, facing probable death from hundreds of rifles, calmly and loudly declared:

"The ayes have it. The order of this court is that George Ives be at once taken from here and hung by the neck until he is dead."

"No action of any man, either in ancient or modern times, ever surpassed the lofty heroism of Wilbur F. Sanders on that eventful occasion. Hundreds of armed vigilantes surrounded the murderer in a hollow square and removed him swiftly to the place of execution. As his body swung at the end of the rope, they leveled their weapons upon the great mob surrounding the place and held them ready to fire until the guilty wretch was dead. The appalled would-be rescuers now fled from the rising power of the party of law and order. Other trials and executions followed rapidly, among them that of Henry Plummer, the chief of the robber bands. Society and civilization were redeemed. Ruffians, murderers and desperadoes disappeared, and personal rights of all men were everywhere respected. The heroic deeds of

those who bore conspicuous part in the events of that time are forever embalmed in the hearts of the freemen of Montana, who recognize in the vigilantes and Free Masons of that early period the true founders of the young State."

AN OBJECT LESSON IN FURS.

Hunting, trapping and fishing are out-of-door sports in which every well-regulated man or boy never fails to find interest. Whatever adds to one's knowledge upon these or kindred subjects, is seized with avidity and turned to practical account forthwith. It is this knowledge of human nature which prompts us to lay before our readers—through the courtesy of Mr. W. J. Burnett, of the Northwestern Hide and Fur Company—the accompanying illustration of all the desirable skins of fur-bearing animals in our own country, and nearly all the valuable fur skins found in North America. The cut was made by the half-tone process from a photograph of natural skins, so that, as an object lesson, it is true to nature. It is especially adapted to the needs of young hunters and trappers, since it shows fine specimens of full-furred skins that have been taken off and dried in proper shape.

The sizes here shown of each species are as follows: Numbers 1, 2, 3, 9 and 13 are small, numbers 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 17 are medium, and numbers 6, 11, 15, 16 and 18 are large of their kind. By studying this, those who do not know the size of one kind, as compared with another, can learn. The shades of color of the wolves, badger and lynx, are perfect as shown here, while the others are nearly so.

Figure 1 is a wolverine skin, figure 2 beaver, figure 3 musk-rat, figure 4 badger, figure 5 black skunk, figure 6 long stripe skunk, figure 7 civit (or pole cat), figure 8 raccoon, figure 9 fisher, figure 10 otter, figure 11 timber wolf, figure 12 marten, figure 13 bear, figure 14 mink, figure 15 prairie wolf (or coyote), figure 16 fox, figure 17 fox, figure 18 lynx.

These figures show but one skin of each species. Everyone is familiar with the fact that there are grizzly, cinnamon-brown and

black bears; silver, red, and gray foxes; timber gray, black, brush (gray) and prairie gray (or coyote) wolves, and black, short, long and broad-stripe skunks. Some furs sell best open and some cased, as shown in the picture. All furs sell best if well stretched, with the fat scraped off. With the exception of the otter, mink and rat, the skins illustrated have the fur side out, a hint that will be taken advantage of by all concerned.

AN OFT-RECURRING WESTERN SCENE.

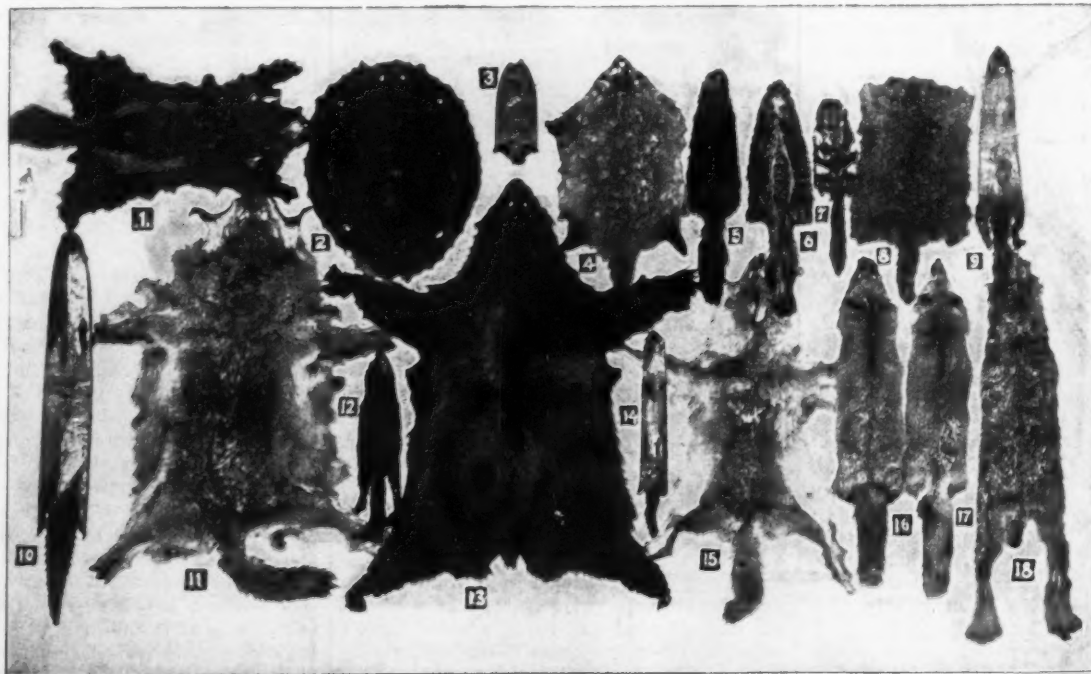
A professional broncho rider came to town last week. He registered at the livery-stable as Texas Slim, and gave it out that he was broke and would ride anything in the barn for a dollar. Then a red-eyed broncho was led out and shown to Slim. He was told that it was particular business riding that horse, and that very few people got back the same day they were thrown off. But this didn't faze Slim of Texas, who jumped on bareback, with nothing but the rope end of a halter to hold on to as down the street the two went. The Great Northern passenger train slid by the coal-shed and cut them off from crossing the railroad track, and here the broncho commenced to perform. He humped himself like a bicycle rider, and then straightened out like a match.

Jim was still there.

Then the broncho jumped into the air about ten feet, turned around before he came down, and struck the road stiffer than a crow-bar.

Here James got off. He didn't intend to, but the part of the broncho he was holding onto seemed to leave him, and he went under.

The broncho then commenced to get on top, but he didn't stay there long. Slim got up and was on his bronchoship again so quick that the horse was so surprised it almost made him sick. Then he tried to run away from his trouble, but after a five-mile run he came back to the stable so quiet that four children could ride him at once, and Jim took his dollar and bought some internal improvements with it.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.*



AN OBJECT LESSON IN FURS.

1. Wolverine. 2. Beaver. 3. Musk-rat. 4. Badger. 5. Black Skunk. 6. Long stripe Skunk. 7. Civit, or Pole-Cat. 8. Raccoon. 9. Fisher. 10. Otter. 11. Timber Wolf. 12. Marten. 13. Bear. 14. Mink. 15. Prairie Wolf. 16-17. Fox. 18. Lynx.



Rapid Match-Making in North Dakota.

Just west of Grand Forks, N. D., says the Crookston (Minn.) *Times*, lives a gentleman close onto sixty years of age. He is well-fixed in this world's goods, and some time ago decided that he would get married. To accomplish this he called to his aid one of the many matrimonial papers, and through it became acquainted with a young lady of Polk County. The correspondence was kept up for some time, and finally the date was set for the old gentleman to see his intended. The young lady promised to meet him at the train in Grand Forks, and did so. When she realized what she had done, and also that she was engaged by letter to a man old enough to be her father, she made her escape, and the aged suitor was unable to locate her.

So he found his way to Beares' Trade Palace, which had been mentioned by the lady in one of her letters, and applied to the clerk, who knew of no one answering to the name the lady was said to bear.

The gentleman from the West was disappointed and showed it. Mr. Hoest, the clerk, is nothing if not accommodating, and he at once informed his caller that if he wanted to get married he would find him a suitable wife forthwith. The old gentleman was willing; so, when Mr. Hoest went to dinner, he looked up an acquaintance and at once stated the case. The lady assented and accompanied the clerk to the store, where he proceeded to sell her a trousseau. All this time the old man was an interested spectator. The prospective bride was accompanied by her sister, and, while piece after piece of dress-goods was shown and cut off, the groom was quietly wondering to himself which of the women belonged to him. After all matters of dress had been arranged, introductions followed. Last night's train brought the bridegroom to this city. A hackman hunted up Clerk of Court Vig, and a license was issued to Ole Skyberg and Jennie Bessum. Today those two hearts beat as one.

A Wealthy Bachelor Girl.

H. P. Smart, who recently returned from a trip to Fertile, Minn., gives an account of an interesting character in Polk County, that State, whom he saw and of whom he heard much. Miss S. M. Pollard, who has been farming for nine years with much success, is not only a bachelor girl, but a decidedly new woman. Except during harvest, she conducts her farm without male help, doing her own plowing, seeding and harrowing. Born of wealthy New York parents, and well educated, she has accomplished unaided and by hard work a fine holding, well-stocked and well-tilled. In her father's store she received lessons in business which have since enabled her to hoe her own row through many discouraging circumstances.

As she says of herself, she is neither "an Alice Mitchell nor a Dr. Mary Walker" in the matter of dress. When working, she wears a bloomer suit consisting of a short skirt that falls just below the knees, with pants to match. A shirt-waist and a jaunty cap complete the costume. When seen by Mr. Smart she stood on the shores of a beautiful little lake, which forms a part of her domain, and "laid down the law" to some fishermen who had transgressed her riparian rights. She is of fine physique,

has a forcible character, is highly respected by her neighbors and possesses energy, pluck and originality sufficient to distinguish her among more than ordinary women.

You Musn't Tell Anyone.

Every person who has lived in Western mining-camps knows Jack King, who is now in the Boundary Country. Jack has run across the "corduroy legging expert," and he dislikes him most heartily.

A short time ago, according to the *Spokane Review*, when the La Fleur mine was the sensation and had been staked repeatedly, while suit after suit had been brought to find out who owned it, Jack was in Boundary City. With a number of friends he was standing in a saloon door when the up stage came in and dropped a number of the genteel experts. They had heard of Jack King, and when they found that the man in the door was the person, they came up and shook hands with him and invited him to have something. Jack called up his friends—and he has a host of friends. They took hot scotches. Then the experts commenced to pump Jack, for they were anxious to find out something about the Fleur, and they had been told that Jack knew all about it.

"We understand you can tell us something about the La Fleur," said one of them.

"Oh, yes," replied Jack; "I know all about that claim."

More drinks at the experts' expense, and more friends of Jack in on the drinks.

"We understand you have had some assays made," said another.

"Oh, yes," replied Jack, as he bit off the end of a cigar; "I've tested it pretty well."

More drinks, and more friends in on them.

"Indeed!" said another. "Can you tell us what it runs?"

"I can that." (More drinks here, and more friends in.) "I sent samples to Salt Lake, Denver, Omaha, Swansea and Guttenberg, and got returns from every one of them."

One of the experts, who had been sent out by a syndicate to find out all about the property and thinking he had a snap on information, got Jack into a corner and, slipping a \$50 note in his hand, patted him on the shoulder and said:

"My good fellow, pray tell me how that claim runs, anyhow, and I will make it worth your while."

"Well, my friends," said Jack, as he rubbed his hand through his hair in a thoughtful manner, "I kinder like you and I might tell you, but I hadn't ought to; but, say—you won't tell where it comes from?"

"Never worry about that, my good fellow," and he handed Jack a fifty-cent cigar.

"Well, then, from all the returns I got, the claim runs eighty-five per cent stakes and fifteen per cent litigation," and Jack stalked out of the room.

Partner Tom.

One of the ten vagrants recently shut up in the Cascade County jail was telling us his experience, says the Great Falls (Mont.) *Leader*. "The scene of this story," he said, "is away back in Indiana, which State was at one time my home. I had been a tramp out West for nearly seven years, sometimes working a little, when I could get an odd job. One day in Arizona I met a fellow named Tom Brown. Tom was the son of a Wesleyan Methodist minister, was well educated, and the only honest pard I ever had. I took a great liking to him. He had been a tramp for years, and so we had become 'partners' from that time on."

"We had been together about two years when we decided to go back to Indiana, for Tom's folks lived there also. We were both going

home to see mother. Tom had told me about his mother and I had done the same to him about mine. We had been riding the trucks all day, a hot day in August. I was on the front end and Tom some two car-lengths behind me. It was just growing dark, and when near Chicago Junction, Indiana, we struck a culvert trestle. I remember a crash, a strange sensation, and then all was blank. When I came to I learned that the last two cars had gone through the bridge. The front end had been derailed and I had been struck on the head by a beam. I was not injured seriously. A great crowd of people had arrived on a special and were viewing the dead and wounded laid out on the grass. When I got up, I began to look for Tom. I found him with a doctor bending over him. I heard him say:

"So I've got to go, doctor?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I am not going to kick, but I would like to have got home to see mother." Then he said: "Is my partner hurt, too?"

"I stepped forward, and, bending low over him, said I was not. 'What can I do for you, Tom?' I said.

"Well, Jack, there is only one thing I want you to do. You are the only man I ever heard repeat the Lord's prayer. Say it for me now, Jack."

"In a low but distinct voice, as I knelt there beside him, I repeated it word for word. 'Can I do anything more for you now, Tom?' I said. But the doctor, who was watching us both, replied for Tom: 'No, you can't. Your partner is dead.'

"The railroad company sent Tom home to Indiana, and I was with him. The last time I was back there I visited his grave, and I'm going back again this summer."

Oregon Ranchers vs. Bicycles.

"There goes one er th' goldarned things, George!"

The speaker was a white-bearded man fully seventy years of age and, from his appearance, evidently a farmer, says the Portland (Ore.) *Telegram*. The person addressed was a younger man, his high-heeled boots and red necktie also denoting the agriculturist.

It was at the Morrison Street bridge—and just before 5 o'clock in the morning. The gray night-mist had not yet lifted from the river, but these two men had risen from their beds—impelled by a curiosity to see a bicycle.

"Yes, sir," answered the elder of the two, in response to a question, "we're out yere on this bridge ter see a bicycle—a critter neither of us has ever seen afore. Yer see, we live in the mountains back of Clatskanie, an' bicycles don't come our way."

"We come up river on th' 'G. W. Shaver,' an' comin' up, George says ter me: 'Pop, did yer ever see a bicycle?' an' I had to admit that I hadn't, altho' I understand th' pesky things are plenty enough, judgin' from th' figures published in th' papers regardin' th' output of th' factories buildin' them. But this is th' first time I've bin ter town in nigh on thirteen year, an' fer th' life of me I kain't recollect seein' one of th' machines then."

"So I jest asked th' purser where th' best place to catch sight of a bicycle early in th' mornin' was in Portland, an' he told me th' bridge here ahead of th' steamer. Well, I was that peskered to see one that I routed George out so soon as it was daylight, an' we've been standin' on this bridge ever since waitin' fer a bicycle man ter come along." Then, turning to his companion, the old man said:

"Well, if I did rout yer out kinder early, yer'e th' most interested, George."

"Yer bet I am!" George replied; and then



A CHIPPEWA INDIAN ENCAMPMENT ON THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

the younger man went on to tell what the bicycle has done for the horse-raiser and farmer. He has a band of some 600 horses on the range, and ninety acres in oats. Five years ago these horses would average \$25 per head unbroken, and he received sixty cents per bushel for the oats not used in getting his horses in condition for market. Today the horses can hardly be given away, and his oats bring thirty-one cents. And this he ascribes to the bicycle.

And so the two men sat, perched on the bridge railing, watching, as the morning grew on, the increased number of bicyclists crossing the bridge, and pouring out their anathemas on that "goldarned thing," the silent steed.

An Indian with a History.

Quigley, Montana, was recently favored with the presence of a visitor in the person of an aged Indian, who, if his identity had been known to the people of the community, would have been an object not only of curiosity but of interest, says the *Rock Creek Record*. He was none other than the Indian son of the great explorer Clarke, of Lewis and Clarke historic fame. When the two great explorers made their maiden trip to the Pacific Coast, they spent their winter in the Bitter Root Valley at a place called Grand Ronde (now Corvallis). There, at that time, were the great tribes of Flathead Indians, descendants of which are still living in this vicinity. Stopping with them was a Nez Perces chief, Dominick by name, and his family. Dominick had committed some grave act of cowardice, for which sin he was banished from his tribe and sought refuge with the Flatheads, who, despite the ostracism, still considered him a chief and treated him as such. A daughter of Dominick is the Indian maiden mentioned in history who fell in love with, and married, Clarke at first sight, and the Quigley visitor, who goes by the name of his father, is one of the offspring of that union. Clarke is very proud of being the son of the first man who discovered the Clarke's fork of the Columbia River, and did not hesi-

tate to make known the fact. He is quite old, his age dating from the following summer after Lewis and Clarke had wintered in Montana.

A Wild Mountain Race.

A correspondent of a Montana paper tells the story of the chase of Alexander Cameron, who broke jail at Bozeman, not long ago, and was run down by the sheriff near Ennis, in that State. It was a thrilling experience and a wild, wicked ride which ran to the last breath two of the best blooded horses in Montana.

After the escape from jail it seems that Cameron hid for a time in a field of timothy near town. Then, knowing that a magnificent piece of horse-flesh, owned by the man he had robbed some weeks before, was probably one of the finest saddle animals in the State, he thought he needed that horse to more easily effect his escape; so he made his way to Manhattan, stole the noble animal, and, mounting him, struck west toward Ennis. When the horse was stolen the sheriff at once decided that Cameron had the animal, and officers were set watching every part of the country thereabouts for the escaping horseman. Deputy Brooks was sent toward Ennis, and when near that place he got his first clue at a sheep-camp, where a man had been fed. The man was horseback, the description given answered in every particular that of Cameron. He had asked the way to the Yellowstone National Park, and the sheep-herder had directed him via Virginia City. This made Brooks hopeful, as, knowing well every foot of the country, he knew that a mistake had been made here. The fellow would find, when he reached Virginia City, that he must return to Ennis to cross the Madison River. So Deputy Brooks stopped at Ennis and watched the road for the return of the horseman.

It was just turning daylight and Brooks had fed his team and was waiting for them to eat, when a horseman rode by. Running to the stable, Brooks mounted the finest animal anywhere on the Madison, and started after the horseman. As his horse's feet clattered over

the bridge, the horseman, now a quarter of a mile in the lead, heard the pursuing horse on the bridge and started into a gallop; and then Brooks knew he was in sight of the escaping prisoner. He leaned forward in the saddle, and a mighty race between two of the noblest animals in Montana—both being blooded horses—had commenced. For eighty long miles the race was kept up, Cameron holding a lead of nearly a half-mile, and each man using every means possible to increase the speed of his animal. One man was riding for freedom; the other was straining every nerve with a firm determination to never return without the robber.

Finally, Cameron dashed through a pair of open bars and, seeing a chance to gain time and rest his horse, threw himself off and with all his might chugged each bar home into the mortised post, hoping to thus stop the oncoming officer. Here, again, however, he had miscalculated—and he said afterward, that, looking over his shoulder as his horse was going over the ridge beyond and seeing the officer's horse clear that high pair of bars without a pause, he felt he was lost. He was outhorsed and outgeneraled. A few miles more flew by, the man riding over an old cattle-trail, now, when Deputy Brooks came upon the horse in a large coulee. Cameron had to leave the animal, as he had done his best and his all. Brooks then paid careful attention to the horses, both of which were gasping and panting for breath, Cameron's horse being unable to move a foot from the ground for some minutes, as he stood trembling and snorting in the effort to get his wind.

The coulee was not a large one, and Cameron must be somewhere in it. For nearly two hours Brooks hunted up and down the little valley, scoured its every lateral, and eventually found his man under an overhanging bank in an old water-course, hid from view under the overlapping weeds and grass. He drew his gun on Cameron, made him place the handcuffs—which he threw him—upon his wrists, and the race was over. He had his man.



Contrary to Scripture.

A Swedish woman in Chicago has started the somersault cure for women who desire to improve their figures. "Sometimes," she says, "it takes logic and patience to persuade a stout, dignified lady to turn a somersault, and in the preliminary trials a difficult subject has to be helped over. At forty-five, you know, such an action seems an awful and awkward enterprise; but once you learn how to turn somersaults, even at fifty the exhilaration of it grows on you." Such action, the *Minneapolis Journal* observes, would seem to be in direct opposition to the Scriptures, which saith: "She that standeth upon her head and waveth her heels in the air perverteth herself and rendereth herself unseemly in the sight of the people."

The Genius of Battle.

The swaying throng of people and the exciting roars gave evidence that this was no debate or reminiscence, but a lively fight. In the midst of the crowd were two colored men hammering away at each other with right good will. One of them was an oldish man, while the other was a mere lad, but strong and quick and clearly getting the best of it. He got the old man down and pushed his face in the dirt and used him something in the manner that a street-cleaner uses his broom. The old man had evidently got enough, but he didn't want to appear a coward; so, whenever he could get a chance to speak he gasped out:

"Whah don' some of youse fellahs paht us? Don't you see we'se killin' each othah?"—*Minneapolis Times*.

He Stood Pat.

He confidently expected to be called upon to serve his country as road supervisor; so, when a Bryan and Sewall ratification meeting was held at the district schoolhouse, he arose and addressed it. He said:

"The time has come for every freeborn and unbought American citizen to express himself upon this great question of the hour; this all-absorbing, momentous question of the currency. Those who are not for us are against us! I believe in fighting it out if it takes all summer! I, for one, shall not hesitate nor falter in giving voice to my sentiments; to the faith that is in me. I here and now declare my undying allegiance to the cause fraught with so much that is inspiring and of such great moment to the people of these United States. Having thus fully, completely and unequivocally given expression to the honest promptings of my heart, I thank you for the privilege of addressing you and placing myself on record in no uncertain way."—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle*.

Why Colonel Lewis Fled.

Everybody in Ellensburg is laughing over a good story told on Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, says the *Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger*. One day during the three-ring hippodrome over there, last week, Delegate Tugwell, a Populist leader of Lewis County, was walking proudly along the street wearing a badge with the word "Lewis" printed upon it in large letters. The bewhiskered and flowery gubernatorial candidate from Seattle caught sight of Delegate

Tugwell and his badge and, not unnaturally, thought the Populist had come out in his favor. Filled with delight, the colonel rushed up and, seizing Tugwell's hand, exclaimed:

"Why, my dear fellow, I see you are wearing my badge! Don't you know me?—I'm Colonel Lewis, your candidate for governor."

"Not much!" declared Mr. Tugwell, emphatically. "I'm a Populist from Lewis County, and you're not in it with me."

Colonel Lewis released Tugwell's hand like a hot potato and fled down the street, followed by the hearty laugh of a dozen delegates who had heard the conversation.

A Local Circus.

A small but active circus parade passed down Cooper Avenue last Monday. The boys in the band-wagon walked; one of them pounded a tin pan with a potato masher, and the music was very refreshing after attending the Democratic convention. Another boy blew a foot or two, on a mouth-organ, of "Marching Through Georgia." After the band, came the animals. There was only one. The boy who walked ahead and cautioned people to look out for their horses, as the animals were coming, sometimes described him as a polar bear and sometimes referred to him as a trained mouse. When this animal was at home sleeping on the doorstep, it was never called anything but a dog. Then came the clown. He was dressed on one side in red and on the other side in white. When he said anything, he announced that he would dive in a wash-tub next Saturday night. This was all of the procession, but there were a lot of small boys on one side or the other who were having more fun than a yellow pumpkin with a candle inside of it.—*Grafton (N. D.) Record*.

Solid Facts.

A farmer came into a village grocery in one of our Western States and exhibited to an admiring crowd an enormous egg about six inches long. He had it packed in cotton, and wouldn't allow anybody to handle it for fear of breaking the phenomenon. The groceryman examined it with the rest, and, intending to chaff the countryman, said:

"Pshaw! I've something in the egg line that will beat that."

"I'll bet you \$5 you haven't," said the countryman.

"Take it up," said the groceryman; and, going behind the counter, he brought out a wire egg-beater.

"There's something in the egg line that will beat it, I guess," said he, reaching for the stakes.

"Hold on, there!" said the farmer; "let's see you beat it," and he handed it to the grocer.

The latter held out his hand for it, but dropped it in surprise on the counter, where it broke two soup-plates and a platter. It was of iron, painted white.

"Some folks think they are tarnation cute," muttered the farmer; but 'taint no use buckin' against solid facts!"—*Puyallup (Wash.) Commerce*.

A Veteran Assumes Charge of Things.

During the recent Grand Army encampment at St. Paul, says the *Dispatch* of this city, an old veteran from Iowa created a vast amount of amusement when he took it into his head that he was running the cable train on which he had placed his folks. He informed the conductor that he didn't want him to waste any more time than was necessary, and, when the conductor paid no attention to him, he went forward and transacted his business with the gripman. The gripman had his sense of humor with him and pretended to obey instructions,

and every time he stopped the car he went into an elaborate explanation of the reason therefor.

"The cable needs a rest occasionally," he said, "because the strain on the rope is heavy, and, like a human being, it gets tired once in awhile."

"Of course, of course," assented the veteran; "but in this instance I guess you had better let the rests go, because we are anxious to reach Camp Mason before the folks leave. Now, hurry it up, because we haven't no time to spare."

And then he turned his attention to superintending the work of hurrying the passengers on and off the cars, until somebody imagined he must either be President Lowry or Superintendent Smith in disguise.

It was a Separate School.

Two Irishmen who recently arrived in this district direct from the old country, and who had a small bottle of whisky with them, on leaving the railway station started for the house of a relative in the country. Being a little unsteady and quite inexperienced, says the *Pilot Mound (Man.) Sentinel*, they lost their way in the darkness on the prairies and were forced to seek rest beneath the protecting shoulders of a providential straw-stack, where they slept soundly. Early in the morning several thousand waveys approached the field with incessant clamor, and, in the usual way, commenced to circle in the air above the straw on the lookout for danger ere they would alight on the stubble-field. One of the Irishmen, hearing the strange and alarming sounds, awoke in consternation and, arousing his companion, exclaimed:

"Paddy! Paddy! The wolves are coming! We'll be ate up!"

"Wolves?" said the other; "go long wid yez! If thim's wolves they must have wings, for the bastes are up in the air, bad luck to thim!"

"Whatever they are" said Paddy, uncovering his head, "they are looking for us, for they are flying round and round above us in the atmosphere."

"What are the crathurs loike?" said the other, who did not care to become visible just then.

"They must be ferocious birds," said the other; "vultures, cormorants, or hyenas. They have black coats and white waistcoats, and are coming down from the skies loike angels!"

"Nonsense!" said Paddy. "Your brain's a-whirling. If thim's spirits they must have found our bottle, or they would not make such a divil of a noise."

The other man sat up in the straw, and, finding the whole air disturbed with the thunder of many wings and filled with wild cries on every side, he exclaimed:

"Priests and Purgatory! It is ayther an army of Indian ghosts or a separate school!"

A Dog-Gone Story.

Not long ago a gentleman of this city, who has a big corner in his heart for pets of all kinds, placed an order with a Missouri dogologist for a full-blooded canine that was warranted fast color and a general stayer from the word go. The dog came, and the St. Paul gentleman was happy. It didn't take Scotty, as his dogship was named, more than twenty-four hours to worm himself into the household's innermost affections—which means that he soon had the free run of the mansion and lived on the very fat of the land. But the rascal was a confidence freak of the worst description; for, no sooner was he received as an honored member of the family circle, than he developed ostrich-like characteristics and played havoc with things in general—from lace curtains to the oak-paneled china-closet. Then he was reduced to the ranks again and forced to associate with the aged horse in the barn. Scotty

wouldn't stand this, however, and so, one night, he gnawed a square out of the screen-door and made a break for liberty. He is at large now. Butternut that he was, there is little doubt that he is once more wending his way to Missouri, where pawpaws grow by the wayside and dogberries induce migratory movements from every quarter. Here is a copy of the letter that was sent recently by the St. Paul gentleman to the dogologist.

"Dear Mr. Ologist: The dog 'Scotty' reached here safely last Thursday. We kept him in our barn, that night, and next day, finding him so quiet and well-behaved, we allowed him to roam at large in the house. This was a mistake. We did not discover until the day following that he had irretrievably ruined two pairs of very fine lace curtains, and other et cetera which it pains me to think of. These disreputable actions caused us to confine him in the barn again, from which he made his escape via the screen door. We have not seen him since. Down to date Scotty's account stands about as follows:

"Expressage	\$3.00
Two pair curtains	40 00
Two roll shades	1.00
Breach in screen door	1.00
'Lost' adv. in local papers	50

Total

"We may say of Scotty as was said of that other missing one, that, 'though lost to sight,' he is 'to memory dear.'"

Why He Dropped the Curtain.

Was she his wife or was she some other fellow's? That is the question which is just now troubling Mr. J. Randolph Smith of Portland, Ore., who has been in the city for two days visiting his brother, Dr. T. F. Smith. Mr. Smith is a very perplexed gentleman, all because of an incident which occurred at the Northern Pacific depot Saturday night. His wife has been visiting for some time in the East, and started for home a few days since. Mr. Smith came on from Portland to meet her here. As she was expected on the Sunday night train, the gentleman marched loyally to the station in fond expectation of seeing his better half. In due time the train arrived, but no wife put in appearance. Thinking that she might still be in the sleeper, Mr. Smith asked the porter in charge if there was any one inside.

"Yes, sir," replied the darkey; "there is a lady who is asleep."

In Mr. Smith went, and cautiously he parted the curtains behind which his wife was supposed to be.

"Yes, there she is, sure!" thought the gentleman, as he saw before him a lady whom he declares was the image of his wife.

"Hello! sweetheart," he murmured; "are you going home?"

"Get out of here, you scoundrel! You have made a mistake," was the startling response, in no uncertain tone.

Randolph dropped the curtains quicker than he had ever dropped anything before in his life. He fell over a stool, which the porter had carelessly left in the aisle, and in his mad flight upset that worthy himself, who had heard the lady's remark. Smith pulled himself up when he reached the gate, and for a half-hour proceeded to think. The more he thought, the more certain he became that he didn't know just what he did think.

Yesterday Mr. Smith was sending telegrams galore to find out where Mrs. Smith could be. He says he believes the lady who objected so strenuously to his entree behind the scenes was really his wife, who failed to recognize him. He was so startled, however, that he didn't conclude to investigate further until the train had gone.—*Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.*

SOME NORTH DAKOTA TOWNS.

A correspondent who has been traveling quite extensively in North Dakota sends us the following items of interest relative to a couple of the progressive towns in that State. Of Valley City, a town of some 1,200 inhabitants in the center of Barnes County and in the southeastern part of the State, reached directly by the Northern Pacific Railway, he writes as follows:

"Situated in a depression in the broad expanse of prairie through which meanders the Cheyenne River in its serpentine course, is this beautiful little city of the valley. In this respect it is unique, as all the other towns and cities in Dakota are on the level plain—some not having a vestige of tree or shrub, save what has been planted after settlement. But here, in one of the bends of the river, is a beautiful peninsula which is wooded by basswood, elm, and oak trees. The foliage is so dense that the vertical rays of a Dakota sun can scarcely penetrate it. It is a beauty spot that the citizens have appreciated at its full worth. The underwood has been cleared away, swings are erected, seats have been placed, and a beautiful little fountain sends forth its spray—all these helping to make it one of the most lovely natural parks in the West. It serves not only as a pleasure ground for the residents of Valley City and Barnes County, but people come from quite a distance to hold picnics, meetings, and to seek recreation in this resting place of nature.

"It is here that the State Normal School is located. It is situated at the base of a high hill on the south side of the town. The site is picturesque, and its beauty is enhanced greatly by the surrounding shade-trees. Normal schools are always indicative of a town's character. Wherever one is found, there, also, will be found a collection of pretty homes, a center of culture and refinement, and a place in which progress, good morals and enterprise go hand in hand.

"This town should not only prove an attractive place for pleasure seekers, but it should also be a sort of mecca for North Dakota bachelors. We were credibly informed by a number of ladies residing here, that there are at least three marriageable ladies to one gentleman. Such a condition of affairs, coupled with the fact that Valley City is one of the best business localities in the State and a town that is having a steady and substantial development, renders it unnecessary to supplement what we have said with anything of a boom nature."

JAMESTOWN.

"Jamestown, the county seat of Stutsman County, is situated on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railway, midway between Fargo and Bismarck. It is in the midst of an undulating prairie, through which meanders the James River—which, like all streams that flow through a prairie country, is very winding in its course. Jamestown is the end of a division on the above road, and is consequently the home of many railway employees and the monthly distributing point of a good deal of railway money.

"The James River Valley, of which this city is the commercial center, has been justly celebrated for its fertile soil and its No. 1 hard wheat. During the last few years the summers in this section have been drier than formerly, and the yield has not been so heavy; but this season fortune has smiled again, and valley residents are hopeful as ever. While the wet

spring drowned half the grain of the Red River region, the James River will again come to the front with one of the best wheat-crops of the State.

"Jamestown contains two substantial public schoolhouses, and an academy conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. There is also a large two-story brick building which has been erected for a Presbyterian college, but it is not in use at present. The Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Evangelical and Roman Catholic congregations have each neat church edifices, and the city has, in addition, one of the best and most commodious opera-houses in any Western city. The business portion is well built and contains representative establishments of every description—from banks to good hotels, capacious grain elevators, flouring-mills, excellent newspapers, etc. It has city water-works, electric lights, graded streets, and many of the handsomest homes in North Dakota.

"The State Insane Asylum is situated on an elevated tract of land to the southeast and overlooking the city. From a sanitary standpoint, no better location could be found in the State, and it is at the same time easily accessible. This institution is in charge of Dr. Dwight Moore, assisted by Dr. Branch, two gentlemen who are eminently qualified to fill these responsible positions. The matron is Mrs. Dr. Archibald, an intelligent, whole-souled lady who has had extensive experience in this kind of work. The buildings comprising this institution are connected by tunnels. Light and ventilation are provided for every apartment in the various buildings. All these plants are under the charge of Thos. Pettigrew, an experienced electrician. There are no bars of any kind on any of the windows; hence there is nothing to suggest to the unfortunate inmates that they are kept in confinement. On the contrary, they are made to feel that they are domiciled in an elegant and well-regulated home. Every department is as scrupulously clean as a Holland parlor, and the large rooms—airy and well ventilated—are as cheerful-looking as an institution of the kind could possibly be. Kindness is the motto here. Kindness permeates all the relations between the officers and attendants of the place and the unfortunate ones. As a result of this treatment, the best dispositions of the inmates are developed, so that all of the 330 patients are allowed to use knives and forks at the table, which is a rare circumstance in asylums of this nature. The most humane treatment is accorded the unfortunates, and we feel safe in saying that it is one of the best conducted institutions of the State. Seventy-five per cent of the patients are of Scandinavian nationality; and, to judge by their appearances, they were not at any time of a low order of intelligence. Despite the gloom and sadness which a person experiences in entering a place of this kind, the actions of some of the inmates who are laboring under peculiar hallucinations are really ludicrous, and often furnish much amusement to the attendants."

HORSES FRIGHTENED THEM.—Dr. Walker, a prospector in Alaska, recently took some horses up with him from Washington. At the first Indian village the sight of the horses drove all the dogs howling into the woods. The children dropped their rude playthings and fled, crying, into the huts. The men and women stood their ground, although in open-eyed wonder. After much inducement they were finally prevailed upon to approach the horses, and their wonder knew no bounds. No amount of persuasion could induce them to mount. They were the first horses they had ever seen.



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E. V. SMALLEY, - EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

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A NEW TRANSPORTATION MOVEMENT.

The recent visit of Erastus Wiman, of New York, to our Minnesota Twin Cities and to our great lake ports of Duluth and Superior, was of considerable interest to our millers and wheat-growers. Mr. Wiman has always been a strong friend of the Erie Canal and of all efforts to increase its efficiency. He finds that the weakness of the canal as a transportation factor grows out of two facts—first, the ownership of boats by individuals instead of by strong companies, and, second, the lack of warehouse facilities at the port of New York where flour and grain can be stored free while waiting foreign shipment. The railroads are fully equipped with such facilities, and, having an efficient corps of freight solicitors at all shipping points, they are able to secure the lion's share of the freight moving between the West and the East. Thus, out of 11,000,000 barrels of flour shipped last year from Superior-Duluth, the canal got only 1,000 barrels; yet, under efficient management of transportation lines, the canal could take the flour at a rate with which it would be impossible for the railroads to compete.

Mr. Wiman's plan is to organize a big company to build 100 canal steamers and 500 consorts and to erect warehouses for the free storage of flour in the Harlem River just off the Hudson. The present charge for taking flour from the head of Lake Superior to New York is forty cents a barrel. He says that his proposed company could do the transportation for fifteen cents a barrel, thus saving twenty-five cents or an aggregate of \$2,750,000 a year on the flour movement alone between our Lake Superior ports and the seaboard. The company would, of course, go into the grain business as well as the flour business. It would give through bills of lading to Liverpool and London, and would greatly decrease the terminal charges at New

York. The gain would chiefly accrue to the producers—to the millers and the wheat-farmers. The millers would be especially benefited; for, according to Mr. Wiman, the railroads discriminate against flour by a charge of seventeen and one-half cents per 200 pounds more than on wheat, thus seeking to recoup themselves for lack of adequate profit on wheat-carriage. Mr. Wiman is a good deal of an idealist, but in this matter of water transportation he seems to have gotten hold of a very practical notion. Our enterprising contemporary, *Seaboard*, which is the special organ of Erie Canal interests, marvels at the slowness of New York City to recognize the value of his plan for reducing the cost of food products to her people and for retaining securely her grasp on the grain and flour trade to foreign ports. While Canada is making strenuous efforts to divert this trade to Montreal, New York is resting contentedly on her ancient and expensive warehousing and transfer facilities, and has but a sleepy notion of the great value of the Erie Canal to her commercial interests.

CONSERVING NATURAL MOISTURE.

It will be a good day for this Northwestern country when the trust-to-Providence sort of farming shall give way to the same scientific researches which have made progress possible in nearly all other lines of industry. Until the discovery of the Campbell method of conserving natural moisture, farmers in semi-arid regions were at the mercy of dry seasons and idly, nervelessly awaited the slow but sure destruction of their crops for lack—not of moisture, but of the preservation of moisture. Now that practical experiments have determined the great agricultural value of this method, only the constitutionally timid and the irremediably shiftless will hesitate to adopt it in sections where rainfall is not ample and reliable.

The Campbell system of soil culture is the outcome of fourteen years of experimental study by H. W. Campbell of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. It has been discussed in previous numbers of this magazine, but never when so much proof of its value was at hand as now. While it is to be regretted that more scientifically exact methods have not been adopted to keep track of the comparative cost of seeding, intermediate development and the ultimate yield per acre by the new as against the old soil-culture system, and that, so far, the tests have not been conducted by, or at least in connection with, Government Experiment Stations or other wholly disinterested factors, enough is known to warrant the belief that the Campbell system will add immeasurably to land values by promoting agricultural growths and by largely increasing, without greater cost, the total output of our annual harvests. The success of last year's experiments, supplemented by those recently conducted under the auspices of the Northern Pacific and the Soo railway companies, ends all doubt so far as the Campbell theory is concerned—that packed soil and frequent cultivation preserve moisture and promote growth and yield. And it may be observed, by the way, that while a great transcontinental railway like the Northern Pacific is vitally interested in the agricultural prosperity of the States traversed by it, it is careful to withhold encouragement from all enterprises of a questionable nature.

Last spring the Northern Pacific management decided to give the Campbell system a test which should cover a period of two years. Experiment stations were established in North Dakota at Lisbon, on the Fargo and Southwestern branch; at Pingree, on the Jamestown & Northern branch; and at Jamestown, Dawson and Glen Ullen on the main line. These sta-

tions are in what may be called dry districts—where the rainfall is at least uncertain. A few weeks ago they were visited by a large party of prominent railway officials, editors, and practical farmers. The fields inspected comprised crops of wheat, oats, barley, corn, flax, potatoes, and various vegetables. Corn that was planted May 25 was over six feet high on July 23. An adjoining field of corn, cultivated on the old method, was fit for fodder only. The same rapid growth characterized other crops where the Campbell system had been given a fair test. Not only was there evidence of superior growth; it was also found that the yield of individual stalks, whether of wheat, oats, barley or flax, was increased largely. The inspection, it would appear, was as thorough as it was satisfactory—proof of which is given in an article which we publish on another page. A committee of practical farmers passed resolutions endorsing the Campbell system and recommending it to all tillers of semi-arid soil.

Briefly and simply, the Campbell system of soil culture consists, after the first plowing, in packing the subsoil in order to retain the moisture that is precipitated, and in stirring or cultivating the top soil frequently, and especially after every rainfall, in order to keep it loose and thus prevent rapid evaporation of the moisture that is packed and held in the earth. Soil always contains more or less water. It seems dry with seven per cent, moist with ten per cent, wet with fifteen, saturated with twenty-five, and anything over twenty-five per cent is mud. Under the Campbell system of surface mulching, falling rain is absorbed quickly and passes into what may be called the stored-moisture reservoir below, the percentage of moisture thus stored rarely falling below ten or fifteen per cent; while the old method of soil culture leaves the top soil so parched and hard that it sheds rain like a turtle's back, and provides no remedy against the natural evaporation of such moisture as does penetrate the earth.

This new system has been tried successfully in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, and in North and South Dakota. The frequent cultivation required may possibly increase the cost of farming fifty cents to a dollar per acre, but this is more than compensated for by the great saving in seed grain, the utter extermination of noxious weeds, the improved soil conditions, and the better quality and increased quantity of the various products.

HARD TIMES AND THE REMEDY.

A. B. Stickney, of St. Paul, has published a pamphlet entitled "The Economic Problems Involved in the Presidential Election of 1896," in which he discusses the present financial and industrial situation with his accustomed incisive good sense. "To understand the cause of hard times it is necessary," he says, "to recognize the two antagonistic influences common to mankind. The desire to possess, makes men work and save; the desire to live at ease and enjoy eating, drinking and making a display, makes them idle and wasteful. In 1873 the same conditions existed as now. Business was dull, the workshops were idle, and large numbers wanting employment. Gradually the conditions changed. Gradually one class of wage-earners after another found employment. In a few years the wheels of business got in motion and we had several years of prosperity in which there was no lack of employment; and as all classes practiced economy, the wealth and capital of the individuals increased.

"After a few years of prosperity, the former sufferings were forgotten and men and women began to gratify their longings for ease and gluttony. In a few years millions of men and women left their homes in the rural districts,—

left the occupations which they understood,—and went to the towns and cities to compete for apparently easier jobs. Men in the cities gave way to the crowds from the country, and sought still easier jobs. Honest work and carefulness in expenditures became distasteful. Speculation took the place of industry; wastefulness the place of thrift. A few apparently lucky speculations set the whole nation wild. Then commenced the "boom." Capital was taken from legitimate business and ventured in the wildest speculations. Business men of all classes, laboring men of all classes, clerks and servants of both sexes, joined the excited and crazy throng, and for two or three years every class and condition of men and women were drunk with the champagne of speculation.

"After the drunk comes the headache. Congress cannot cure a headache. Legislation cannot prevent drunkenness resulting from hard-drinking, neither can legislation prevent hard times following an era of idleness and wastefulness.

"During a few boom years a very large number, while blindly and foolishly believing that at last they had discovered a way to circumvent the laws of nature, and that they were accumulating capital without work, in fact ate up and wasted the savings of the previous years of prosperity and then went in debt. Finally the bubble "busted." As usual, the innocent suffered with the guilty. One employer failed and left his employees without employment. This failure was followed by another, and that by another and another and another, all the failures throwing men and women out of employment. Suddenly confronted with these disasters, a spasm of economy in expenditures seized all classes, by those who were out of employment from necessity, and those who still had employment from sympathy—a sort of sympathetic, economical strike. This aggravated the condition by reducing consumption, which necessarily stopped the business of production, and again threw still others out of employment. Distrust took the place of confidence."

Mr. Stickney maintains that the only classes that are really suffering from the present business stagnation are the speculators, capitalists, and the unemployed wage-earners. The speculators make the most noise, but every one of them knows that if he had not played the fool in the boom-times he would not be "busted" now. The wage-earner who has steady employment has nothing to complain of. His wages are about the same and his food, clothing and rent cost a good deal less than they used to cost. He sympathizes, however, and rightly, with his fellow-laborer who is out of work or who is only irregularly employed. The capitalists, by which is meant the men who employ their capital in connection with their labor and skill in industries which are intended to produce more capital,—like the merchant and the manufacturer,—suffer severely. "This class of men," Mr. Stickney says, "in this country where capital is scarce, are always in debt, and for almost ten long years they have been struggling to settle up, and at the same time keep their business running; working by day and planning and worrying by night—only to find at the end of each year that they are poorer than at the beginning of the year. Thousands have fallen, and are now hopelessly bankrupt, with absolute want staring them and their families in the face. Thousands more are now trembling on the verge, enduring in enforced silence the tortures of impending bankruptcy."

Legislation cannot cure hard times, he says. "There is a remedy, however, and it is not a quack medicine. It does not consist of laws to coin cheap silver dollars and force them on the people by legal tender enactments. The remedy

is an absolute specific. It has been tried over and over again, and has never failed. Ever since the diversion of labor and commerce commenced, there have been eras of prosperity following eras of adversity, produced by the same cause and cured by the same remedy. In the history of our own country the remedy has been applied and has cured the hard times of 1837, 1856, and 1873. This remedy is patient, untiring and intelligent effort, industry and frugality. Nothing else is of any avail."

Mr. Stickney's brochure is a pamphlet of eighty-nine pages. It is thoroughly readable throughout, not only by political economists and financiers, but by plain common-people.

RAILWAY POLICIES.

Considerable interest is felt throughout the Northwestern States in the question of what is likely to be the policy of the management of the new Northern Pacific Railway Company in the important matter of efforts to further the development of its tributary country. A railroad company may follow one or the other of two lines of policy—the let-alone plan, generally adopted by Eastern roads, or the paternal policy, usually followed by lines leading through new regions of country; or it may pursue one policy in some of the departments of its work, and the other policy in other departments. The let-alone policy consists in getting all the transportation business possible, but not of seeking to foster new industries, encourage new settlement, or point out new business opportunities. The people along the line are left to do these things in their own way; and in the older regions of the country, where competition is sharp and capital abundant, there is seldom any need of advice or assistance from transportation companies. A notable exception is sometimes found, however, to the general rule prevailing in the older States, that a railroad shall confine itself strictly to the business of railroading. A few years ago the Baltimore and Ohio, which runs through a good deal of sparsely settled mountainous country in West Virginia, where land is very cheap and coal, iron and petroleum abound, set on foot an active development policy, with excellent results on the traffic returns.

The paternal policy does not mean that a railway company shall go into farming or mining or lumbering, or shall coddle the settlers on its lines by bounties, premiums or rebates. One of its best illustrations has been furnished during the past two or three years by the efforts of General Freight Agent Moore, of the Northern Pacific, to promote the fruit-growing industry in Washington by giving to growers correct information concerning Eastern markets, freight rates, the best methods of gathering and packing fruits so that they will stand the long rail haul to Eastern cities, and by encouraging the fruit fairs held at Spokane. This might be called intelligent and practical paternalism. Another is furnished by the efforts of the roads reaching the North Pacific region to open markets for the red-cedar shingles of that region in all the Upper Mississippi Valley. Still another may be cited, namely, the successful efforts of both the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern to plant colonies of German Baptists in North Dakota.

Unquestionably, the best business policy to be pursued by roads operated in new regions is one of paternalism modified by good sense, so as not to be carried to extremes. It often happens that the settlers in a given region do not themselves know the value of some of the natural resources in plain sight, for the reason that they were not familiar with such resources in their old homes. Here the railroad company can very well step in and, by expert examina-

tion and by the information at its command as to the demand for and supply of the article in distant markets, determine whether the raw product will serve as the basis for a profitable industry. For instance, when mica was found in Eastern Washington it was a wise thing for the railroad to spend a little money in submitting samples to Eastern manufacturers and thus ascertain whether there would be a profit in mining and transporting it. So in the opening of coal-veins; a railroad company can wisely play the part of explorer and examiner, hoping to attract capital to development work and thus secure tonnage. It can also very properly analyze soils in new regions and obtain accurate information concerning rainfall, which is even more important than the constituents of the earth in an immense part of the West, classed by the climatologists as semi-arid. With equal propriety and sagacity, it can remove the prejudice of many settlers against going into timbered districts like those of Northern Minnesota by showing the compensatory advantages of opening farms in the woods, not enjoyed by prairie settlers. This has been done systematically in recent years by roads operating in the forest districts of our State, with excellent results in the way of immigration of a substantial class of farmers. In like manner a railroad company can examine water-powers and point out sites for flouring-mills and small factories, and can aid the citizens of new towns to secure needed industries by making such openings known in older communities. We might go on pointing out many other ways in which it can serve as the friend and the advertiser of the communities it reaches, while at the same time advancing its own interests by increasing the volume of its traffic.

We think it may be taken for granted that the new Northern Pacific Railway Company will pursue and enlarge the policy of fostering development followed by its predecessor, the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. The long period of the receivership was necessarily one of limited activity in this direction. With ample means at its command, with returning business prosperity sure to follow the settlement of the vexatious money question at the approaching election, and with sagacity and long experience in all departments of its management, the new corporation may be expected to labor effectively to promote the best interests of all the communities with which it comes in touch by its steel rails.

BEATING TIME IN MONTANA.

The Great Falls (Mont.) *Leader* is authority for the statement that President L. S. Woodbury, of the Great Falls Iron Works, has in contemplation the construction of what he chooses to term a horsecycle, whereby a horse can propel a four-wheel vehicle on ordinary ground at the rate of one mile in fifty-nine seconds. The proposed machine can be made in two forms, either one of which Mr. Woodbury thinks will fill the bill. The first is in the form of an ordinary buggy. Instead of being hitched ahead, the horse will occupy a position between the four wheels and operate a sort of treadmill. Should the velocity be so great as to attract too much air, then it is proposed to enclose the entire machine—horse, rider and all, in a whaleback or torpedo-cut shell, the propelling operation to remain the same. The seat of the rider will be directly behind or above the horse. President Woodbury is so confident of success that he is willing to back his bonds against silver that a mile can be made in fifty-nine seconds or better. The machine will be a novel one, and, if it should prove a success, will undoubtedly be a world-breaker in records for fast traveling.



"A RACE for Empire, and Other True Tales of the Northwest," is the title of a beautiful fifty-page volume issued in magazine form by the *Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, Washington. Marcus Whitman's wild ride is told with picturesque grace and a graphicness so vivid that one is moved to spontaneous enthusiasm while reading it. The larger portion of the volume, which contains 244 half-tone engravings, illustrates the wonderful development that has taken place in Oregon, Idaho and Washington since early Territorial days.

If any of our readers wish to learn all about Idaho—its topography, climate, farming and fruit possibilities, hunting, fishing, mineral resources, etc., they would do well to send to the Potlatch Immigration Association at Kendrick, Idaho, and ask for a copy of the little brochure just issued by the association under the title of "Idaho, Gem of the Mountains: The Land of Fruit, Flowers and Sunshine." It is full of practical information that is told in a terse, straightforward manner which will commend itself to every reader.

It appears from statistics recently compiled at Washington that our little suburb of South St. Paul is the healthiest place in the United States, so far as mortality is concerned. It has a population of three thousand, and only three persons died there during the year 1895. That is only one in a thousand. In St. Paul, which is one of the healthiest of the cities of the second-class, the death rate was 7.66, and in Minneapolis it was 9.68. We venture to say that the lower rate in the former city was caused by the superior quality of its drinking water. Minneapolis takes her water from the river, whereas St. Paul gets hers from a group of small, spring-fed lakes.

Our northern neighbors, the Canadians, take a good deal more interest in our politics than we do in theirs. Their electoral campaign was over some time ago, with the result of a sweeping Liberal victory and the complete overthrow of the Conservative power in the Dominion government that had lasted almost a generation. Now the great question is what the new Laurier ministry is going to do. Will it abandon the protective tariff policy of their opponents? Will it open new negotiations for reciprocity with the United States, and offer to make a fair deal to open their markets to American manufactures in return for the free lumber and coal given them by our present tariff? Will it permit Manitoba to control her own school system? Fortunately for the Canadians, they have no money question to vex their politics with false issues and divert attention from the pressing problems connected with their material welfare. Canadians do not understand how we Americans can work ourselves into an excitement over the kind of money we are to use. In their opinion, the principles of national finance and banking were settled by experience long ago, just as fully and plainly as were the general laws of business. They have an excellent and safe banking system, with an elastic feature

that adds to the volume of the currency when more money is needed to transact the business of the country, and causes any surplus to flow in to the banks for redemption. Their currency is all on a gold basis, and everybody wishes it to remain so. The Canadians are a very conservative and level-headed people.

SOME remarkable facts in relation to the steady decline in railway transportation rates have been brought out lately in the annual report of the Great Northern road. They have a direct bearing on the current opinion of uninformed people that the railroads are taking from producers an unfair share of the value of the articles they haul to market. Figures that do not lie, show that during the past twenty years the price of no commodity bought and sold in the markets has fallen so fast or so far as that of rail transportation. On the Great Northern system, in 1880-81, the average charge per ton per mile was 2.88 cents, while in 1895-96 it had fallen to .976 of 1 cent; or to only a little more than one-third of the former rate. Has the price of any other commodity, or the rate of pay for any other class of service, fallen equally? asks President Hill in his report. He goes on to say: "In 1895-96 the revenue ton-mileage of the system was 1,622,877,423, and the cost of it to the public \$15,833,090.47. Had the rate per ton per mile of the year 1880-81 been charged, the earnings would have amounted to \$46,738,869.78, or \$30,905,779.31 more than the companies actually collected, and during the same time the rates of wages paid by this company have advanced to an average of forty-five per cent higher than the average of 1880-81."

Two causes have no doubt combined to bring about this enormous reduction in rail rates. The first is the vehement competition of the roads for business, which has often brought about rate wars and which has been carried so far as to throw many lines into bankruptcy. All the while that cheap politicians have been denouncing the roads for extortion and Western legislatures have been aiming special statutes at them to force them to lower their charges, their own rivalry with each other has led them to cut down their rates to a point that would have been thought ruinous by the most radical advocates of the granger legislation of twenty years ago. Competition has been carried to such an extent that, in more than half the States of the Union, railroad property is now about the poorest kind of property to own, so far as returns on the money invested is concerned. The other cause operating for low rates is one that is constantly felt in all lines of production and service, namely, the economic law that it is impossible long to keep the price of any article or of any form of service much above the cost. Great economies have been introduced in railway construction and operation, and these economies have inured to the benefit of shippers rather than to that of stockholders. When the expense per mile of hauling a ton of freight is reduced by lower grades, more powerful locomotives, cheaper fuel and more effective labor, it is the shipper that soon sees the change by the lowering of his rates.

I THINK it was in a Spokane paper that I saw, recently, an article that touched upon one of the sad features of life in the West—the breaking up of families that results from the spirit of enterprise and unrest which drives the sons and daughters away from the old home to seek for better opportunities to get ahead. The same longing for change and a new environment often leads the parents to sell the homestead where the children have been born, and to move further out into the newer regions of the continent; so that there is no longer a rally-

ing place for the younger generation, hallowed by the memories of childhood. How few homes, even in such comparatively old States as Ohio, Michigan or Indiana, remain in the same family for two generations! Not long ago I drove along the country road in Northern Ohio that leads from the farmhouse from which I started on the journey of life, to the little village called the "Center," and in the whole distance I found there was only one house inhabited by the descendants of the people who occupied it in my boyhood days. This modern habit of scattering families over wide distances is, no doubt, a necessary feature of the rapid development of the West, but let us hope that it is only a temporary phase of our national life. We do not inherit the tendency from our New England ancestors or from our old-world forefathers. They were a sedentary people, attached to localities and to old homesteads. If we in the West are now a race of nomads, this condition has come from transient circumstances and will pass away as soon as our new regions become fully occupied. Then the race sentiment of love of home and attachment to kindred will assert itself afresh, and old farms and village houses will be handed down from generation to generation with pride and reverence, and blood relations will hold together from choice, because of the strong tie of affinity.

It is remarkable how many people there are who chase rainbows of fancy and inflate balloons of gaseous theories, when times are hard, in the belief that they can in these ways get out of the bogs of business depression. It is so much easier to say that the Government has done something to make times bad, or failed to do something to make times good, than it is to look up and frankly acknowledge the real causes of the periodical disturbances in business and industrial conditions. Not long ago a group of men were chatting in the secretary's office of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, waiting for the hour for beginning the session of that body. They were talking of the general depression of business and the want of a market for real estate. Finally, one of them put this question to the others: "If you had not made any foolish investments of your money when times were flush; if you had all the money in the bank that you fooled away then in wild speculations, would times be hard with you now?" Every one of the men answered promptly, that if he had all that money he would feel very comfortable indeed. The truth is, the community as a whole was wasteful, extravagant and imprudent during the period of the boom, and now pays the natural and inevitable penalty. How extraordinary it is, however, that there should be millions of people in the country who fancy that a cure for all the ills of the business world is to be had by the simple process of manufacturing at the mints some millions of discs of silver, stamped one dollar, and delivering them to the few men who produce silver bullion or who can buy it in the market! After the panic of 1873, the popular remedy for exactly the same conditions as prevail now was to print a vast number of pieces of paper with green ink and call them dollars, but to make no provision for ever redeeming them in real dollars. Whole States went wild for this quack remedy. Looking back now to the years of the greenback craze, it seems impossible that sane men could ever have imagined that the nation could be made prosperous by printing millions of paper bills pretending to be money. So, in the years to come, it will seem incredible that in 1896 a Presidential campaign was conducted by a great political party on the proposition that, to set everybody at work at good wages and to enable everybody to sell what he produces at high

prices, it would only be necessary to coin an unlimited number of dollars, containing fifty-three cents' worth of silver each, for the benefit of the men owning the silver bullion.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON, of the U. S. Army, who is the custodian of the National Yellowstone Park, complains in his last report of the insufficiency of his appropriation of \$35,000 to keep the roads in order, protect the game animals and do the general police-work. He thinks that \$100,000 would not be too much to spend every year, and he wants another company of troops to keep out poachers and extinguish fires. Captain Anderson has done excellent work with the means at his command, and is a very efficient and popular officer. The park hotels are owned by an association in which the Northern Pacific Railway Company is the principal stockholder. This company has not been able to spare money for the erection of the additional hotels and lunch-houses needed to accommodate travelers, says the captain. When times improve, as they must before long, Congress may be more liberal towards the nation's playground, and the railroad may find itself in funds to do what it would no doubt be glad to do for extending the hotel accommodations. There is only one National Park worthy of the name. It belongs to all the people of the United States, and it deserves the best of care from the Government.

My attention has just been called to an interesting invention for plowing by electricity which has been successfully tried on a small field near Chicago. The electric locomotive, which pulls four plows with a power of twelve horses, is quite light and of no very expensive construction. The power comes through a wire from a power-house, and the wire winds around a reel; so that it is paid out as the machine travels across the field, and wound up as it returns. The inventor is Isaac Hogeland, of Chicago. He says that the power for a trolley car costs only about \$1.50 a day, and that this would be more than sufficient to haul his electric motor. His idea is that farmers should club together to establish a steam engine, with dynamos at some central point from which the power could be transmitted by wire to the farm of each of the stockholders. The machine will haul harrows and reapers and mowers as well as plows. I should like to see an experiment made with this invention on one of the large North Dakota farms, where the ground is smooth and furrows a mile in length are the rule.

I HAVE seen a good deal of the attempts at steam-plowing made during the past thirty years. In 1873 I witnessed a competitive trial of steam plows near Vienna, Austria. A few years later I saw steam-plowing on a sugar plantation in Louisiana, with two engines that hauled the gang-plow back and forth across the field by a long wire cable, each being moved up a little at every turn of the plows. Two years ago I saw the operations of a plow hauled by a sort of road locomotive on a big barley farm in Montana. Steam-plowing is only a very qualified success. It is not adapted to uneven ground or to soft ground, and the plant of a heavy locomotive and the plows costs too much. Besides, when the big machine gets stuck, the farmer must have horses enough to pull it out of the hole. It is possible that the right idea may have been hit upon at last by this Chicago inventor, and that horses are going to be largely eliminated from farm-work by electricity, as they have been from street-car service. The same electric plant which furnishes power for plowing and harrowing might also chop the feed, churn the butter and run a cider-mill. All that would be necessary would be a wire to the farm-

er's house and a small dynamo. No one can foresee what electricity may yet do in the way of saving labor.

DAVID WARD WOOD, of Chicago, who is somewhat widely known to our readers from his tours in the Northwest, his ability as a writer and orator and his genial and original personality, has sold his interest in the *Farmers' Voice* and bought an interest in the *Western Plowman*, which he is now editing. The *Plowman*, formerly published at Moline, Ill., has been removed to Chicago.

WE are indebted to the *Seattle Trade Register* for the beautiful flag that adorned the cover of the September number of this magazine. The illustration has been admired not only for its graceful outlines and brilliant coloring, but for the further reason that it represents the flag of the Union as it should wave today—with a full field of forty-five stars.

IDAHO FOR PULMONARY DISEASES.

The article in our July number on the desert cure for consumption, by D. R. McGinnis, has created greater interest than any other item of a similar character that has been published for some time. Commenting on the subject in question a Lewiston, Idaho, correspondent sends to this magazine a paper that was read before the Idaho State Medical Society at Boise in September, 1893, by C. W. Schaff, B. S., M. D., of Lewiston, on the climate and pulmonary diseases in that region. Dr. Schaff says:

"The extreme infrequency of grave diseases of the lungs in the locality where the writer resides, is the excuse offered for this paper. Lewiston is situated in latitude 46° 31' north, longitude 117 west, at the confluence of the Snake and Clearwater rivers, at an altitude of 670 feet. The geological character of the country is identical with that of many other parts of the State, being glacial and volcanic with basaltic trap cropping out in terraces and various angles of dip. The mean annual temperature from 1870 to 1893 has been 52.87 degrees. The mean rainfall has been 14.54 inches; and, during a residence of ten years in this place, I have seen but one case of phthisis that I could not trace to importation. This case came under my observation soon after my arrival in Lewiston, and continued under my care most of the time until death, which occurred nine years later. This man gave me a history of malaria which induced him to leave Oregon for Idaho. He had lost his wife from consumption two years earlier. (I mention this fact as a possible cause of infection.) I found absence of respiratory murmur at apex of right lung on first examination. The sufferer, with careful habits of living, together with medical treatment, which contained nothing new or novel, fought death successfully for nine years, when life gave way to all the ordinary phenomena attending the later stages of pulmonary disease.

"Dr. Kelly, who has lived in Lewiston thirty-one years, tells me he can recall but three cases not imported. Dr. Morris, who has lived in Lewiston ten years, cannot recall a case in his experience. With reference to imported cases I have but very imperfect data, having notes of but two cases, the first a prostitute far advanced with syphilitic disease, which, together with frequent pulmonary hemorrhages, carried her off within three months; the second, a late justice of the supreme court of this State, who came out from New York City, on the recommendation of Professor Loomis, for the benefit of his health after having tried Florida in vain. I examined him soon after his arrival and found unmistakable evidence of tubercular disease. He gained in weight, for a time, and appar-

ently improved in health until he reached a point where he seemed to neither gain nor lose. This continued for eighteen months, when he visited his old home in Virginia during a vacation, where he grew worse rapidly. He then returned to this place, where he died soon after from tubercular invasion of the brain. Bronchial asthma is practically unknown in this locality, I having never seen a case during my residence in Lewiston, though frequently seeing persons with former history of asthma.

"The mortality from pneumonia, including all varieties and all ages, is about one-half per cent. The peculiar feature of this disease here, lies in the fact that nearly all the cases occurring in adults take place during the months of May and June. I find at this time the most frequent thermometric fluctuations, which are not infrequently forty degrees in twenty-four hours, and it would lead one to think that these extreme variations play a prominent part as a causative factor.

"That the comparative immunity of this place from pulmonary diseases must be largely due to climatic conditions, I think no one will question; but in just what way the climate influences lung integrity I am unable to more than conjecture, and conjecture is entitled to but little value in these days of rigid inquiry. The points of difference between this climate and those where pulmonary diseases most largely prevail are: the small amount of rainfall, the small number of cloudy days, low altitude, the strong air currents carrying but little moisture during the warmer months, and infrequency of sudden changes in the winter with its dry air, which seldom moistens except when chinook winds prevail."

AN ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY OF FURS.

One of the handsomest and most complete assortments of fur goods now shown in St. Paul for the season of 1896-97, is seen at Charles A. Albrecht's establishment at 384 Wabasha Street. The more expensive garments are made of seal, otter, Persian and astrakhan materials, these being especially desirable for jackets and coats. Astrakhan, and other varieties of high grade, but lower-priced furs, are made into garments which, though costing less, are very serviceable and much more popular with the great majority of fur wearers. Mr. Albrecht has been in the fur business all his life. He is therefore a practical furrier. All goods sold by him are made by his own skilled workmen and under his own supervision. Every article sold is guaranteed to be as represented. If the article desired by a customer does not happen to be in stock, he will make it to order. The stock comprises all kinds of fur goods for ladies and gentlemen and for misses and children, and inspection is invited.

THE CONDITIONS OF WOMEN.—In talking with an American about the different conditions of women in Japan and the United States, a Japanese diplomat once said: "When I marry, I take a head servant; when you marry you become one." A man who recently visited Japan quotes a remark in a somewhat similar vein made by a Japanese interpreter. "I sat one day," he said, "at the door of a dining-room in a hotel in Tokio, where all kinds of foreigners were staying, and I watched them as they came in. The Frenchman came in with madame on his arm. Then the Englishman came in so (imitating a pompous, self-important personage). And his wife? Oh, she came after him like this (dramatizing a meek and timid woman following). And the American husband? Oh, he's not in it! Madame sails in ahead of him and he just walks behind, wherever she goes."



The Foley-Bean Lumber Company has begun work rebuilding its electric light plant and planing-mill at Millaca. The structures will be of brick, and fire-proof.

A \$7,000 hotel is being built in Elysian.

Luverne is making efforts to secure a brewery plant.

The large flouring-mill at Waseca, recently destroyed by fire, is being rebuilt.

The Jepson Company of Minneapolis is building grain elevators at Graceville, Johnson and Wilder.

Benson's new flour-mill will be ready for work about the first of November. Its capacity will be 125 barrels per day.

Starbuck is building a seventy-five-barrel flour-mill, and Brandon has contracted for a 30,000-bushel elevator. Mills, elevators and railways make towns prosperous. The Northwest cannot have too many of them. They are signs of true progress.

German Lutherans are going to build a \$10,000 church at Faribault, Presbyterians are building a church at Heron Lake, Catholics are erecting churches in Long Prairie, Morton and Royalton, and schoolhouses are projected for Russell, Lakefield and Bongard.

The flour output of the Minneapolis and Duluth mills for the crop year has reached 12,377,000 barrels, or over 1,000,000 barrels per month. This is a gain of 2,000,000 barrels over any previous year and more than 3,000,000 greater than was ground on the crop of a year ago.

New business blocks, new schoolhouses, churches, mills and elevators, and new homes everywhere, are indicative of reviving prosperity throughout Minnesota. Towns are putting in water and electric light plants, local bonds are floating easily, and times are surely wearing a rosier hue. The Northwest is on the up-grade again.

North Dakota.

Foundation work has been begun on a 140-barrel flouring-mill at Grandin.

Wahpeton's \$19,000 church is now in the hands of the contractors. It will be one of the finest church edifices in the State.

A \$10,000 brick block is to be completed in Hillsboro by November 10. Rapid progress has been made there the past season.

The German Baptist colonists dedicated their new church at Carrington on Sept. 6. With these worthy people, religious and educational progress keeps fully abreast of agricultural enterprise.

Bottineau, in the northern part of the State, is building up rapidly. The *Courant* describes it as a substantial development due to natural resources and a county that is richer and more populous than its towns.

The Second Annual Street Fair at Grand Forks, Oct. 7, 8 and 9, bids fair to prove a great event. Many notable exhibits will be made, and divers attractions will be presented in features that will be more or less novel. It will be a good fair to attend.

South Dakota.

Aberdeen Masons have contracted for a \$9,700 temple.

A 30,000-bushel elevator is being constructed in Park River.

The estimated gold product of the Black Hills for 1896 is \$10,000,000.

A \$25,000 sanitarium is talked of in connection with the Park Hotel in Pierre.

A 10-stamp mill will at once be erected at the mouth of Poorman Gulch, and a large smelter be built at Lead, in the Black Hills.

* Sioux Falls parties are negotiating with the Oxwards, of Grand Island, Neb., for the establishment of

a beet sugar factory there. The Oxwards also have a successful factory at Norfolk, Nebraska.

The Fourth Annual Inter-State Grain Palace and Harvest Exposition opens at Aberdeen on the 5th inst. and will continue until October 11.

The State Agricultural College at Brookings has over 200 students enrolled and great enthusiasm is manifested in the practical course of study to be pursued.

A lithograph-stone quarry of vast extent has been discovered in Custer County in the Black Hills. The quality is pronounced first-class—equal to the famous Bavarian stone. It has been found entirely practicable to get out stones of the largest size used in the lithographing business at a price which will enable the projectors of the enterprise to compete in the markets of the world with the German producers. Omaha parties are interested in the find.

Montana.

The Gilt Edge mine, of Fergus County, produced \$4,600 in a twelve-day run recently.

Sixteen stamps are dropping at the Royal mine in Deer Lodge County. The adjoining property—the Bloomington—is putting up a ten-stamp mill.

The new Diamond Hill mill will have a treating capacity of from 500 to 600 tons of ore per day. The stamps will weigh 1,000 pounds each, and fifty-six Union concentrators will be used. The entire plant will be operated by electricity generated by a plant on Crow Creek, about three and one-half miles distant. At this point an immense dam is to be constructed, and it is expected that the water supply will generate about 500 horse-power. Barleigh drills will be used in the mines.

Australian salt-weed, grown from seed on the Hesper farm near Billings, yields a luxuriant growth of grass resembling alfalfa, to some extent, and fully as nutritious. It is a new forage plant, has a salty flavor, and thrives on alkali soil, where no other vegetation can secure a foothold. The *Ft. Benton River Press* says that hundreds of acres of land up the valley that have become utterly worthless because of the alkali which irrigation has drawn to the surface, can be made to yield excellent returns by seeding the barren tracts with the salt-weed.

Hamilton is justly proud of its new hotel, The Ravalli. It is 8x140 feet in dimensions, three stories high, built of brick, modern, and contains fifty large rooms. Each room has hot and cold water, electric bells, steam heat, marble washstand, and electric light chandeliers. All rooms are carpeted with moquet, axminster, body or tapestry brussels, have three to five chairs mostly rockers, neat tables, mirrors, etc. The en suite rooms have large bath and toilet annexes. One hundred and fifteen guests can be seated in the main dining-room and the adjoining ordinary. The building occupies a tract of ground 140x300 feet in area, and is one of the most elegant hotels in Montana.

Rimini is coming to the front again as a promising silver-camp. There are about twenty large mines in the district, all working but two. The Lilly, Pauper's Dream and Stanton mines are to be operated on a large scale at once. The Peerless Jennie is working again after a shut down of years. This mine is one of the oldest in Montana, and long before a railroad was built into the State, the mine was worked and its ore was sent by mules to Omaha and thence to Germany for treatment. The old ore ran about 2,000 ounces of silver, but the mine gradually played out and no such ore has ever been found there since till recently, when the old streak was cut. It goes 2,000 ounces in silver and from \$40 to \$60 in gold.

It is reported that the once famous Cable mine, near Anaconda, which has produced millions of gold, but which has been idle for several years, has been started up and will again add millions to the gold output of the State. Recent borings by Mr. Savary, the owner of the mine, have proved it to contain vast quantities of high-grade ores. Its assays have been famous, having gone from \$15 to \$80,000. Its mineral vein extends north to the Royal Gold, and on the west to the rich belt which contains the Granite and Bimetallie, which have made many of the largest fortunes in St. Louis. On the south and east, silver and lead are found in vast quantities. The mine is on Gable Mountain, a hog-backed mass of rock 1,500 feet high and about ten miles long, which is seamed with veins of ore, running from the lineal center to the sides, and varying from three to fifty feet in width.

Andrew Rinker, superintendent of the Great Falls Water-Power and Townsite Company, says the power that can be developed there on the average flow of the

river, and at a comparatively small expense for construction, reaches the enormous aggregate of 340,000 gross horse-power. "Through the agency of this power," he says, "we are now converting ores into pure copper at the rate of between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 pounds per month, to say nothing of the gold and silver that the same ore produces in fair quantities. We are grinding the wheat that makes the flour to feed a large portion of the people of the State of Montana, and which finds a market as far west as the Pacific Coast; lighting the city, furnishing motive power for the street-railway operation, for planing-mills, machine-shops, printing-offices and other kindred institutions, and have enough reserve power to smelt the ores of this great mineral producing country.

Idaho.

The Golden Chest, near Murray, is running its lower mill steadily. The Daddy is the busiest mill on Prichard Creek, it having been idle but a few days for over a year. There are fifty-two names on the company's pay-roll.

As nearly as can be estimated by the assayers at Idaho City, about \$500,000 is the yield of the placers in that district for the season so far. This is a good yield, being higher than for any former season during the past fifteen or twenty years.

Officers in charge of the Idaho Agricultural Experiment Station announce the discovery of a remedy for the cabbage aphid, also destructive to cauliflower and other vegetables. It is a solution of one pound of soap to sixteen gallons of water. Sixteen gallons will be sufficient for 200 to 300 half-grown heads of cabbage.

The July output of the Helena & Frisco shows 13,700 tons of ore mined. This was reduced to 1,510 tons of concentrates. These concentrates averaged sixty-one per cent lead and 64.5 ounces in silver. The pay-roll amounted to \$13,000 and other expenses to \$8,000. The cost per ton for producing concentrates was \$14.24. The loss in tailings was 1.4 per cent lead and 3.7 ounces silver per ton. The mill was in operation twenty-seven and three-fourths days. Two dividends were paid in August, in all amounting to \$30,000. This is a good record, and certainly shows extraordinarily careful and able management.

Oregon.

A ten-stamp mill has been ordered for the Black Butte mine, to be delivered in sixty days.

Monmouth, practically destroyed by fire on Sept. 4, is rebuilding in better shape than ever, and little if any drawback will be experienced. Discouragement is something the people appear to know naught of.

The Oregon Industrial Exposition opened at Portland Saturday evening, September 19, and will continue one month. As an exposition of the resources, products and industries of the entire Pacific Northwest, it will far surpass anything in its past history.

The first extensive shipment of kaolin from the big beds east of Ashland is now being made. The Pacific Pottery Company, of Portland, has contracted for a shipment of twenty tons to Portland for use in the manufacture of pottery by the company. There are, it is said, almost unlimited quantities of this kaolin-rock on the Dead Indian Mountain some twelve miles east of Ashland, and should this test of its value prove satisfactory, it may result in the steady use of it at Portland and, subsequently, to the establishment of extensive pottery-works in Ashland. Attention was first brought to these kaolin deposits by the shipment of a sample to pottery-works in Ohio, a number of years ago, by W. C. Myer, who received, in return, some dishes made from the kaolin that showed it to be valuable. Attention has been attracted to the deposits since, and there is little doubt that these kaolin beds will yet prove a source of wealth to the surrounding community.

Washington.

Seattle is manufacturing cedar doors for the Eastern market.

About 2,000 pounds of high-grade cheese is made daily at the Fairfield cheese factory.

It is reported that the Columbia & Puget Sound Railway is being converted into a standard-gauge road.

It is said that a new lumber-mill will be erected at Hoquiam on the site of the one recently destroyed by fire.

The Buckley *Brunner* says that the Buckley Lumber Company shipped 319 cars of lumber and shingles between Jan. 1 and July 1. The company received a recent order for 150,000 feet of red cedar lumber, for

car-roofing, from Michigan City, Ind., and has just filled orders for a lot of stringers from the N. P. and the C., M. & St. P. railways.

A Mickleson's tannery at Deep River handles about 1,000 hides a year, turning out first-class leather that sells readily.

Asbestos is now being shipped from the Skagit Valley country. Seventy-five tons were taken recently from the mines across the river from Lyman.

It is said that three mills will be required to work up the cane that has been grown in the Kennewick Valley this season. It will be nearly all converted into molasses.

A Tacoma fruit man has received an order from Vladivostok, Siberia, for seventy-five barrels of Washington apples. Washington seems to be in evidence the world over.

Experts say that the vitrified brick made in Vancouver are equal to the best in the country. The company may also use this fine clay to manufacture sewer-pipe, drainage tile, terra cotta, etc.

The Gray's Harbor fisherman's cannery, which started up business in Aberdeen a few weeks ago, is canning 200 cases per day, but will soon increase the output to the full capacity of 500 cases daily.

The Chehalis creamery is now in operation, and the citizens are delighted. The *Bee*, of that town, says the creamery has a capacity of 25,000 pounds of milk daily and that it is equipped perfectly. It will manufacture butter and cheese.

The woolen-mill at Tacoma uses about 35,000 pounds of raw material monthly. It is the management's intention to manufacture good grades of all-wool men's wear and dress goods for women—for home trade. The industry is a promising one.

The Reservation Mining & Milling Company are making arrangements to push work on their claims on the Colville Reservation. The working tunnel is now in some eighty feet, and for a distance of more than half-way the tunnel is solid ore. The ore carries gold, silver and copper.

The State of Washington had forty-one national banks in existence at the close of business July 14, 1896, with total resources of \$14,879,382, a capital stock paid in of \$4,600,000, and \$944,990 in surplus funds. The individual deposits were \$7,425,126, and the loans and discounts \$7,532,395. They held gold coin in their vaults amounting to \$861,089.

It is reported that Richard Butte, a German miner who lives near Colville, has invented a valuable device for locating living water. The mechanism of the instrument is kept a profound secret. His experiments cover a period of two years, and have proved successful. He has located water in many places at a depth of twenty feet and within a rod of where the land owner had sunk a well to a depth of nearly 100 feet. The depth of the water is determined by mechanical calculation, and is accurate.

Canadian Northwest.

Grand Forks has grown in a year from a town of four buildings to a population of over 600. Within a radius

of two miles there are valuable mining properties. The C. & W. Railway will probably be built to the town within another twelve months.

The Calgary *Tribune*, Alberta, says that the Hall mine smelter has entered into active competition with the Trail smelter for the treatment of Rossland ores.

Fourteen miles of the Lake Dauphin Railway have been completed and the first shipment of wheat has been made over the new road, which may now be said to be in operation.

The Winnipeg Industrial Exposition, held in September, was attended by 40,000 visitors and will prove of great benefit to the Canadian Northwest. A full illustrated report of the exhibits was made by the *Winnipeg Daily Tribune* in its issue of the 5th ult.

According to reports, the Mikado gold mine in the Rat Portage District is yielding very rich returns. A recent run of twenty-five tons of ore showed \$2,500 worth of free gold—the free-milling value being \$100 per ton, the total value, including concentrates, reaching \$150 per ton. Prospectors are ranging unexplored mineral lands in large numbers, and great excitement is manifested.

According to the *Winnipeg Free Press*, it is now proposed to have Western Canada represented at the 1897 Industrial Exposition, at Toronto, by a mammoth hay palace constructed of baled hay. The space will be subdivided so that every department of industry may be represented separately, yet as one harmonious whole. Festooned with wheat and other grains in sheaf, wreaths and garlands, the palace would present a novel and attractive appearance that would cause it to leap into fame at a bound. It would outrival the famous corn palaces of Sioux City, Iowa.

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A CHAT ABOUT FURS.

It was written in the good book that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. A visit to any of the big fur stores in St. Paul—notably the house of E. Albrecht & Son, manufacturing furriers at 20 East Seventh Street, will satisfy anyone that animal warmth and comfort is not altogether dependent upon the condition of the elements. In these cold regions of the North nature has provided all animals with a coat of extra warmth and of a peculiarly soft and glossy texture. In primitive times, mankind utilized furs for their warmth only, but as civilization progressed and styles advanced they were worn not only for comfort, but also because they constituted ornamental garments of luxurious richness. All this has been accomplished by blending the useful with the beautiful—the result being evidenced in the handsome fur wearing apparel seen today.



E. Albrecht & Son are the pioneer furriers of the West. For more than forty years they have labored to produce the best fur garments that art and skill can bring forth, and now it may truly be said that they stand foremost in their line of business. A visit to their house will reveal many rich furs—from the sable, marten, seal, mink, otter, lambs of the Crimea and Astrakhan to the more common coon and dogskins. Mr. E. Albrecht, the senior member of the firm, visits the leading fur markets of Europe annually to make purchases and select styles. The firm manufactures all garments sold by it. Its new catalogue is now out, and will be sent to anyone upon application.

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

The Bismarck (N. D.) *Settler* refers to THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE as "that great industrial, commercial and agricultural periodical," and says that "it is a magazine worthy of the patronage of all the people of the Northwest, as it is in close touch with all Western interests."

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for July is truly a "mid-summer bouquet." The illustrations are fresh and interesting. "Settlement and Enterprise" in the Northwest, which this magazine so faithfully encourages and fosters, is a department full of practical matter for both immigrant and native.—*Medical Lake (Wash.) Ledger*.

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A NORTHWESTERN INSTITUTE OF PHARMACY.

It is known that there is a legal qualification which doctors must satisfy before they can practice medicine, and it is also known, in a shadowy way, that certain legal requirements are intended to prevent incompetency on the part of druggists and their assistants; but just what constitute these requirements only a few know. An inkling of the true status of affairs may be acquired upon a visit to the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy at 16 and 18 East Seventh Street in St. Paul. This institute, conducted by Professor L. A. Harding, B. Sc., Ph. D., an analytical chemist of excellent repute, gives instructions and practical demonstrations which qualify its students for any vocation in which expert knowledge of drugs, chemicals, etc., is essential. The professor has been conducting analytical work for the institute about two years, and within this period the graduates from the school have not only passed the very strict examinations of the State Board of Pharmacy, but it is a fact that the highest general and special averages ever attained by applicants before the State Board, were those allotted to the graduates of the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy. As it is from this State Board that all licenses issue for compounding drugs and conducting drug stores, it will at once be seen that instructions given at the institute must be thorough and practical.

Professor Harding took his degree of B. Sc. at the Polytechnic Institute at Brunswick, Germany, his other degree having been taken at the University of Berlin. He came to this country in 1880 and to St. Paul about twelve years ago. Ten years ago he became a member of the Minnesota State board of Pharmacy. He was appointed by ex-Governor Nelson, his term expiring in 1899. He is also a member of the German Chemical and Apothecaries Association, the American and Northwestern Microscopical Societies, American and Minnesota State Pharmaceutical Associations, and is an honorary member of the North Dakota Pharmaceutical Association. He makes chemical and microscopical examinations of foods and food-stuffs, pathological and morbid anatomy, poisons, etc., and as an expert his testimony is frequently called for in courts of law. He is unquestionably one of the most skillful analytical chemists in the Northwest, and it is doubtless due to this fact that the institute he conducts is so well patronized. Indeed, graduates from this school are in demand throughout all contiguous States. Druggists, and others who need expert chemists, manifest a decided preference for the graduates of the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy. The school enjoys so good a reputation that its graduates are allowed one year off the regular four-year course of study at the Northwestern University at Chicago, thus enabling them to complete the course in three years.

There are night and day classes. The night class term will begin October 1 and continue six months; the day class term will begin October 26 and continue three months. The laboratory is well supplied with everything essential to a thorough study and mastery of chemistry and all manner of chemicals and chemical constituents. Good chemists and pharmacists are in demand everywhere and at all times. They are wanted by mining corporations, by manufacturers of all kinds of extracts, by druggists and physicians, and in every line of business into which drugs and chemicals enter. This is what creates a need for such schools as the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy, and it is the well-known reputation of this school that brings it so many students from Minnesota and adjoining States.

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'AS ITERS SEE US.'

The August number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is a delightful issue of an always delightful visitor.—*Gilpin's X-Rays, Hamilton, N. D.*

The September number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is a beauty. An extra amount of good reading is found on the inside.—*Pullman (Wash.) Tribune.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September is a large, beautiful number devoted to St. Paul and designed for a G. A. R. souvenir number.—*Fairhaven (Wash.) News.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE ranks among the foremost monthlies, treats specially of Northwestern developments, and should be in every household.—*Dawson (N. D.) Times.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September is a splendid number. In the "Business World," "Note Book," and the crisp editorials, are always an interesting part of this valuable magazine.—*Neligh (Neb.) Tribune.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September is a special issue devoted in large part to "What to See in St. Paul." The illustrations are first-class and the accompanying descriptive matter is interesting from beginning to end.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE issued a very fine September number in commemorating the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at St. Paul. The number is a beautiful and interesting one throughout.—*Seattle Trade Register.*

Every feature of the September number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE maintains the high standard of excellence that has marked its past best efforts. The literary value of the many admirable papers are materially enhanced by the splendid illustrations that adorn this month's issue.—*Stillwater (Minn.) Mirror.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September, always good, is more excellent than usual. Its illustrations of St. Paul scenes will doubtless result in its extensive use as immigration literature, and its title page, commemorating the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, is a poetic inspiration of patriotism.—*New Whatcom (Wash.) Reveille.*

The leading feature of the September number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is a graphic description of the city of St. Paul, accentuated by many handsome illustrations. In his "Note Book" column Editor Smalley gives a fascinating bit of army philosophy—for he was a soldier, too, and risked the grim fate of war against the brethren of the South. THE NORTHWEST is always refreshing, representative of the West and vigorously enterprising.—*New Whatcom (Wash.) Blade.*

Consumption Cured.

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Tourist Car Service to California Resumed.

The celebrated Phillips personally conducted California tours commences its 15th year of successful operation with a through car for California, leaving St. Paul Thursday evening, Sept. 3, over the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railroad and connections, via Denver and Ogden, and will run every Thursday thereafter during the season. The usual care and attention will be given to our patrons that has contributed to the popularity of these excursions in the past.

For further particulars and dates, address A. B. CUTTS, G. P. & T. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

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A NORTHWESTERN INSTITUTE OF PHARMACY.

It is known that there is a legal qualification which doctors must satisfy before they can practice medicine, and it is also known, in a shadowy way, that certain legal requirements are intended to prevent incompetency on the part of druggists and their assistants; but just what constitute these requirements only a few know. An inkling of the true status of affairs may be acquired upon a visit to the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy at 16 and 18 East Seventh Street in St. Paul. This institute, conducted by Professor L. A. Harding, B. Sc., Ph. D., an analytical chemist of excellent repute, gives instructions and practical demonstrations which qualify its students for any vocation in which expert knowledge of drugs, chemicals, etc., is essential. The professor has been conducting analytical work for the institute about two years, and within this period the graduates from the school have not only passed the very strict examinations of the State Board of Pharmacy, but it is a fact that the highest general and special averages ever attained by applicants before the State Board, were those allotted to the graduates of the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy. As it is from this State Board that all licenses issue for compounding drugs and conducting drug stores, it will at once be seen that instructions given at the institute must be thorough and practical.

Professor Harding took his degree of B. Sc. at the Polytechnic Institute at Brunswick, Germany, his other degree having been taken at the University of Berlin. He came to this country in 1880 and to St. Paul about twelve years ago. Ten years ago he became a member of the Minnesota State board of Pharmacy. He was appointed by ex-Governor Nelson, his term expiring in 1899. He is also a member of the German Chemical and Apothecaries Association, the American and Northwestern Microscopical Societies, American and Minnesota State Pharmaceutical Associations, and is an honorary member of the North Dakota Pharmaceutical Association. He makes chemical and microscopical examinations of foods and food-stuffs, pathological and morbid anatomy, poisons, etc., and as an expert his testimony is frequently called for in courts of law. He is unquestionably one of the most skillful analytical chemists in the Northwest, and it is doubtless due to this fact that the institute he conducts is so well patronized. Indeed, graduates from this school are in demand throughout all contiguous States. Druggists, and others who need expert chemists, manifest a decided preference for the graduates of the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy. The school enjoys so good a reputation that its graduates are allowed one year off the regular four-year course of study at the Northwestern University at Chicago, thus enabling them to complete the course in three years.

There are night and day classes. The night class term will begin October 1 and continue six months; the day class term will begin October 26 and continue three months. The laboratory is well supplied with everything essential to a thorough study and mastery of chemistry and all manner of chemicals and chemical constituents. Good chemists and pharmacists are in demand everywhere and at all times. They are wanted by mining corporations, by manufacturers of all kinds of extracts, by druggists and physicians, and in every line of business into which drugs and chemicals enter. This is what creates a need for such schools as the Northwestern Institute of Pharmacy, and it is the well-known reputation of this school that brings it so many students from Minnesota and adjoining States.

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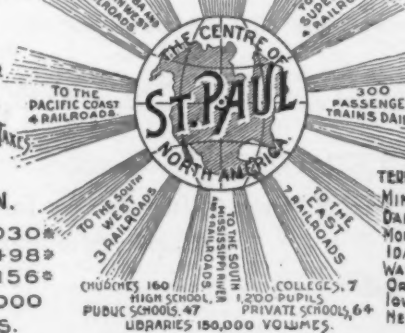
1870	\$ 1,611,378
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1890	61,720,595
1895	74,280,000

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'AS ITERS SEE US.'

The August number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is a delightful issue of an always delightful visitor.—*Gilpin's X-Rays, Hamilton, N. D.*

The September number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is a beauty. An extra amount of good reading is found on the inside.—*Pullman (Wash.) Tribune.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September is a large, beautiful number devoted to St. Paul and designed for a G. A. R. souvenir number.—*Fairhaven (Wash.) News.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE ranks among the foremost monthlies, treats specially of Northwestern developments, and should be in every household.—*Dawson (N. D.) Times.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September is a splendid number. In the "Business World," "Note Book," and the crisp editorials, are always an interesting part of this valuable magazine.—*Neligh (Neb.) Tribune.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September is a special issue devoted in large part to "What to See in St. Paul." The illustrations are first-class and the accompanying descriptive matter is interesting from beginning to end.—*Tacoma Ledger.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE issued a very fine September number in commemorating the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at St. Paul. The number is a beautiful and interesting one throughout.—*Seattle Trade Register.*

Every feature of the September number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE maintains the high standard of excellence that has marked its past best efforts. The literary value of the many admirable papers are materially enhanced by the splendid illustrations that adorn this month's issue.—*Stillwater (Minn.) Mirror.*

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for September, always good, is more excellent than usual. Its illustrations of St. Paul scenes will doubtless result in its extensive use as immigration literature, and its title page, commemorating the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, is a poetic inspiration of patriotism.—*New Whatcom (Wash.) Reveille.*

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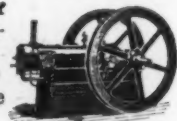
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TOLD IN YAKIMA.

The Yakima (Wash.) *Republic*, an ordinarily truthful paper, is responsible for the following about a Populist who saw a picture of Bryan displayed in a saloon in that town. The lithograph was decorated with the words *rent, ridd, rict*. The old Populist gazed at them intently for a moment and then said:

"Why in — didn't they spell his name in English?"

A BITTER MISTAKE.

A New York editor once wrote an obituary on a man of some prominence, and among other things said:

"He began life as a legal practitioner, but was diverted from it by a love of letters."

He did not look at the proof, and next morning, on picking up the paper, he was confronted by the statement:

"He began life as a legal politician, but was diverted from it by a love of bitters!"—*Minneapolis Journal*.

A CORRELATIVE QUESTION.

The wife of one of the professors of the University of North Dakota has a bright young son who is seeking knowledge at every turn of the road, and at times his mother has to sit up nights to keep his questions answered up. The other day she was making a brownie. She had it completed with the exception of

spurned the newspaper man's advice, and declared that money was not needed.

"My own unsullied reputation will suffice," he said; and then, after purchasing a few boxes of cigars, he bled himself to the scene of conflict and opened up headquarters. There he dealt out cigars, by way of simple hospitality, and talked McCleary till Knute Nelson won hands down. Speaking of his defeat afterwards, McCleary said: "I received four votes only. The others not only declined to vote for me, but they had the indecency to damn my cigars!"

THE BOOTBLACK WHIPPED HIM OUT.

The *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*, published in Minneapolis, relates the following good one concerning Alexander Rodgers, a well-known Wisconsin lumberman. He was in Chicago, one day, when a bootblack approached him and insisted on shining up his shoes. The price was ten cents. Mr. Rodgers did not want a shine, but finally, to rid himself of the pest, told him to go ahead and he would give him a nickel. The boy was a one-price artist, however, and refused the job at cut rates; but, like all his class, he was quick-witted. Standing up to his full height, and with a world of sarcasm in every look, act and tone, he began shouting:

"Cum 'ere, boys! 'Ere's a guy wot wantst er giv' five cents fer er shine. Cum an' look at 'im! Who wantst er shine them boots fer er nickul?"

It is needless to say that the wealthy lumberman surrendered and paid the market price.

HE IS FOR SALE CHEAP.

Officer Bill Shannon, says the *Spokane Review*, has always been known as a careful officer and no one would suspect him of getting taken in easily—not, at least, by any ordinary fifteen-year-old boy. The



SPINNING A YARN IN THE WOODS.

stuffing in the cotton, which she was busily doing when it suddenly dawned on the young hopeful that it was a good time to ask his mother who made her. The mother finished stuffing the brownie's arms with bedquilt cotton and replied:

"God made me, my child."

"Is that so?" said the boy, in a pleased tone of voice; "what did he stuff you with?"—*Grafton (N. D.) Record*.

HE DIDN'T SABB.

They had a dance out at the Bridges the other night. It was a warm night, as well as a warm party, and a town girl who was there had on a spotless dress of white. The young man who asked her to dance was about to place a heavy hand on her shoulder, whereupon she drew back and said:

"Please use your handkerchief."

He drew it forth, and, giving his nose a bugle blast, said: "Now, goldarn ye! I hope you're satisfied."—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle*.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

The Washington (D. C.) *Post* says that when Congressman McCleary, of Minnesota, was told by some of his constituents that he could be elected to succeed Washburn in the senate, he concluded to try his luck. A newspaper man heard of it and advised him to abandon the thought unless he had plenty of money to spend. McCleary, who till then was a living refutation of the talk about association with national politicians here robbing a man of his faith in the honesty of his kind,

other night Bill was patrolling his beat, when he found the door of a bicycle store opened and a wheel just inside. He looked up and down the street, and, not seeing anyone, was wondering how he could find the address of the owner and send him word that all his wheels were at the mercy of the gentle burglar, when a boy, apparently about fifteen years old, came wandering around the corner.

"Say, kid," said Bill, "do you know where the man that runs this place lives?"

"Dat's what I do," retorted the young man.

"Can you ride a wheel?"

"Sure!"

"Well, then," said Bill, take that wheel and go and tell him that his store is open."

The young man took the wheel and disappeared rapidly down the street.

That was two weeks ago. He hasn't come back yet, and Willie Shannon, who would sell himself for a nickel, will probably have to pay for the bicycle.

WAS HE WITTY OR INSOLENT?

The "largest living lady" from one of the side-shows connected with the Sells Bros.' circus, walked into a Spokane, Washington, drug store while she was there and looked over the druggist's toilet display.

"You don't seem to have the kind of face-wash I'm used to buying," she said, turning away. Fearing he was about to lose a sale, the clerk replied with more haste than discretion:

"We've got some good giant powder in the back room, madam; don't you think that will do?"

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RIPANS TABULES

Mary Trumble, for three years employed in the family of Mr. M. A. Rowan, editor of the Oshkosh, Wis., *Signal*, said in an interview on the 23d day of May, 1895: "I am only too glad to give my experience with the Ripans Tabules, and I hope some fellow sufferer will be led to find a cure in them, as I was. For more than two years I never knew what it was to be free from that awful disease, dyspepsia. I also had almost constantly a dull headache over my eyes. I felt so badly most of the time that I could not do my work as I should do. I became discouraged, broken down. One day Mrs. Rowan, my employer, gave me a few Ripans Tabules and told me to try them. I had spent nearly all my savings for months in doctoring and for different kinds of medicine that seemed to do me no good, but as these were given me I thought I might try them. I used these (about a dozen) and then bought a box. The result was I felt like another woman, and I am now almost entirely free of my trouble with my stomach, and the headache is all gone. I always keep the Tabules on hand and take one now and then as I feel I need it. They have truly worked wonders for me. (Signed), MARY TRUMBLE, 52 Pleasant av., Oshkosh, Wis.

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail at the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10c.

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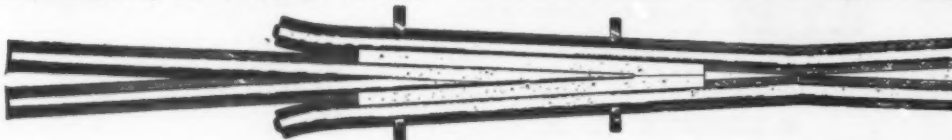
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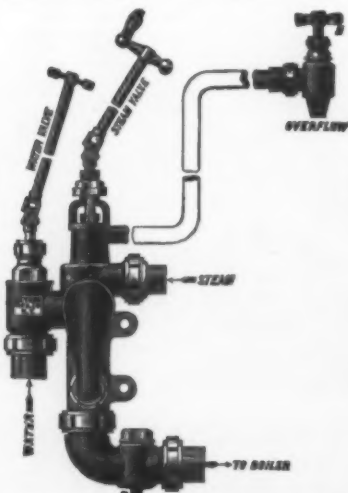
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POSSIBILITIES IN FLAX CULTURE.

While Oregon farmers are casting about for a crop that promises a safe return for their labor, says the Portland *Oregonian*, it may be of interest, and eventually of profit, to them to study the returns, carefully compiled from official sources, of the flax industry. Intermittently for a number of years past flax has been grown in a few counties in Oregon, the output varying from a few hundred to several thousand bushels in each of the five to seven counties in which the experiment has been tried. As is the case generally throughout the United States, it has been grown almost wholly for seed, the straw, when used at all, going to the tow or paper-mills. By far the larger quantity of straw has been burned year after year, representing no money value whatever.

An attempt is being made through the Department of Agriculture to establish flax-growing as an adjunct or source of supply to textile industries. To this end careful investigations have been made, and a large amount of data bearing upon the matter has been published in the department's reports. It has been asserted that neither the soil nor the climate of the United States is adapted to fine flax-culture, and as a very slight review of the painstaking, intelligent care bestowed upon it in the countries of Europe, from which the linen supply of the world comes, we are induced to believe that herein lies the secret of success, rather than in the difference in soils or climate.

Experiment has been pushed far enough to prove that in many portions of this country meteorological conditions favorable to flax culture are equal to those of Ireland or Belgium, where the best flax is grown. Green Bay, Wis., has produced the finest flax yet grown in America. The average humidity at that station for the three growing months is 72, while at Brussels, Belgium, it is 77.4. The relative average temperature for the same period is 54 degrees and 59.9 degrees respectively. It is thus seen that the temperature of the leading flax-growing countries of Europe is practically the same as that of the most successful experiment station in this country, while the humidity of the foreign stations is somewhat higher. Of interest in this comparison is the fact that the average temperature during the three months, April, May and June, of the year, from which this data is compiled, at the Portland station is 56.9, and the average humidity 66.7.

There is no question, therefore, as to whether our meteorological conditions do or do not favor flax-culture. As to Oregon soil, it is generally understood that, if properly cultivated, it will produce anything that grows in any temperate climate. The question is, therefore, so far as the farmers of Oregon are concerned, one solely of market. Appliances for handling flax grown for fiber are not at hand. Only through concerted action on the part of labor and capital can these appliances be secured. In the meantime, however, flax-culture for seed and for fiber being two separate and distinct industries, farmers may, with certainly a fair promise of profit, increase the flax area of the State for the seed product.

Reference has been made in these columns to a bulletin sent out from the experiment station at Corvallis, which urges the growth of flax for oil-meal for feeding stock. The statement of the value of the oil-meal in conjunction with the coarser foods as flesh-forming matter is pertinent in connection with the growth of stall-feeding stock for market, it being stated that it can be used profitably in this way if it does not exceed \$25 a ton in price. It becomes the farmers of the State, who desire to intelligently diversify their crops, to look into the matter.



"That's my impression," as the printer said when he kissed his sweetheart."

Hospital Physician—"You are bruised, too, I see."
Patient—"Yes, I came in an ambulance."

I had noticed that after a woman passes a certain age, she would list as soon as married on Friday as any other day.—*Thomas Cat.*

A coroner's jury in Maine reported that "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

Wife—"What sort of a story is this you are trying to tell me?"
Husband—"Di'lect (hic) shitory, m'dear."

An elderly gentleman living in Mid-Lancashire was noted for his inebriety. On one occasion, when he had been imbibing pretty freely, he was met by the clergyman of the parish in which he lived.

"Drunk again, John?" said the pastor.

"So am I! So am I!" replied the truthful John, much to the amazement of his spiritual adviser.—*Spare Moments.*

Bliffers (reading):—"Science now recognizes a condition called 'intoxication by radiation.' Many cases of drunkenness are cited in which the victim had touched nothing alcoholic, but had simply been in the company of drinkers."

Whiffers—"Gee Whilliken! Cut that out. I want to show it to my wife."

Mrs. Quills (at 1 A. M.)—"Where have you been until this late hour?"

Mr. Quills—"At ze offic, balanching my booksh!"

Mrs. Quills—"Well, sir, I hope they balance better than you do!"

"You're all right, Cuffy; doing nicely. I'll call again tomorrow. Take this powder in the interim."

"Da's er 'scription dat de doctah lef," said the patient to his wife, "an' I wan's yer ter go to de drug sto' an' git it filled. Tell de drug-sto' man dat it's fer my interim, an' be sho an' ax 'im ef I's ter take it eternally or jess rub it on de outside; an' ef so, whar?"

"Pa, is the road to Heaven a straight and narrow path?"

"That's what we are told, my son. Why?"

"Well, pa, if you keep on walking as crooked as you did last night, I'm afraid you'll never get there."

"One of these days, my dear, you will learn that wise men hesitate; only fools are certain."

"I don't know about that," the wife replied, testily.

"Well, I'm certain of it," he answered, so emphatic-



"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

ally that she laughed in his face. And he has been wondering ever since what the dickens it was she thought so funny.

The Zulu lady wears her wedding ring in her nose. A double purpose is thus served. It discourages promiscuous kissing, and she always nose where it is.

She—"Everybody says you married me only for my money."

He—"But I didn't, dear. I know you look it, but I didn't."

Tom—"How cold that pretty Miss Jones looks, Bob. She ought to have something around her!"

Bob (absent-mindedly)—"She will have as soon as it gets dark."

She (passionately)—"Will you ever love another, dearest?"

He (wearily)—"No, never—not if I get out of this love affair alive."

"Did you get a nice change and rest at the resort, Bulkey?"

"No; my daughter got most of my change, and my wife got the rest."

"A public park like this," said she, "is pretty, but it's not like natural scenery, is it? Its beauties are all merely artificial."

"Yes," he replied, dreamily; "even the lily pads."



AT THE WAITER'S CLUB DINNER. (SECTIONAL VIEW.)

Mr. Paulson—"You'll excuse me, Mistah Breck'ridge—da's my grape juice!"

"Hello, Mrs. Mulligan! 'Ows the ould mon?"

"Arrah, Mr. Toole, he's bad indade! Yisterday he had the grippe, but the dochter is afther sayin' today that he has the amonnia."

Rejected, sore, the poet grieved,
And in his song he poured his grieving;
Bewailed that Love had so deceived,
When love had sworn against deceiving.
Unto his lady love serene
He sent a sad, reproachful sonnet.
She mailed it to a magazine,
Received a check and bought a bonnet.

"Were you ever bothered by horse-thieves out here?" inquired the tourist. "Well, yes," said the native of Oklahoma; "there used to be a good many hanging around, but I haven't seen one for a year."

"What is your religion, Mr. Gilbert?" asked the landlady of her new boarder.

"Meat three times a day," was the reply that startled the good woman and put her into a reverie as to whether the man was a heathen or misunderstood the question.

A Californian, visiting friends near Glasgow, Scotland, was shown a mountain.
"Oh, that's a mountain, is it? Well, in California you would have to pile up all the hills and mountains in sight, one on top of the other, before they would call it a hill."

That night the old Scotchman slipped the biggest salt-water crab he could get into his visitor's bed, and soon after he heard a howl in the guest's chamber.

"Hoot, mon! What ails ye?" he shouted, as he burst into the room.

"What the dickens have you got that crab in bed for?" demanded the guest, as he rubbed a red spot on his anatomy.

"That's naw crab, mon! That's a highland flea," declared the old Scotchman, and they heard no more of California's wonders during that visit.

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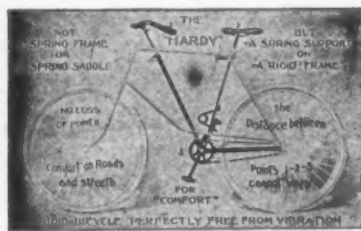
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